



INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATE CANCELLED

MEETING FEET-URES UNDERGRAD Debating League Falls Through

Students Heavily Scored By Bierwagen for Lack of Interest

The Usual Play-about of Belling the Cat Turns Out in Its Usual Campus Flat-tire Style

Picture Convocation Hall swarming to the organ tops with excited students whose throbbing bosoms seem ready to burst with high resolve and nitro-patriotism. Well, that's what Convocation Hall wasn't like Monday afternoon at 4:30 when the seventy-first crisis of this year of Good Lord 1934-35 was scheduled to be officially put to bed.

At the behest of seemingly urgent necessity, President Bierwagen called the meeting. One hundred and ten students, indignant over the decision of the Board of Governors to discourage entrance into public life of our professors, cried aloud for a piece of paper the other day, and when it was forthcoming poured forth their signatures in less time than it takes to tell, and thrust the paper under the astonished nose of Mr. Bierwagen, but lately returned from its holidays. A glance at the writing assured Mr. Bierwagen that something urgent must certainly be done, so a general meeting was called for Monday at which it was expected nothing short of revolution would be accomplished.

Well, nothing happened, as usual. A few people that no one had ever seen before, probably from overtown, walked in and timorously sat down. Mr. Bierwagen entered apprehensively and mounted the platform. He said that unless two hundred students could be proven present the meeting could not constitutionally take place. At this piece of intelligence fifteen or twenty engineers retired, being unwilling to undertake to prove that they were present. Heads were counted, and even though four Med students, three janitors, the print shop staff and Charley Hosford were captured and dragged in, the best that could be done towards a quorum was one hundred and eighty-five. Mr. Hosford escaped, and to Mr. Bierwagen this was the last straw. He adjourned the meeting. A pair of feet were to be seen moving about back of the curtain on the stage just before this, and as the crowd sat in stunned silence at the President's pronouncement, the curtains swung back to reveal blackboards urging people to go to the Undergrad. McCormick's hand!—and McCormick's feet!

Mr. Bierwagen has issued the following statement to The Gateway for publication:

"That the projected meeting of the Students' Union this afternoon should have to be abandoned for want of adequate attendance, I regard as a matter of the deepest regret. For my own action in dismissing the gathering I have no apologies to offer. Constitutionally it was impossible to proceed without the necessary quorum of two hundred members, since any resolution passed by a lesser group could not be construed as an official expression of student opinion. My action furthermore was justifiable on grounds of principle, for the meeting was convened at the behest of one hundred student petitioners, and where the student body thus take the initiative in calling a meeting, they impose upon

themselves a duty to attend and support such meeting.

"Regardless of the merits of the question under consideration, the meeting was well worth attending, as it offered to students an opportunity to express their opinions upon political and social principles of vital interest not only to the University, but to the whole province. If the petitioners themselves regard the failure of their meeting with disappointment, they may lay the blame directly at the door of the student body and more particularly at their own. It was their own failure to canvass adequately in advance the entire student body, coupled with the ennui and indifference of the latter, which led to this lamentable fiasco.

"If this manifest lack of interest of students in their own and community affairs is prophetic of the future of self-government on this campus, then the cause of student democracy is lost."

CAST SELECTED FOR DRAMAT PLAY

Margaret Aldwinckle to Take Feminine Lead in Festival Entry

Over the week-end the big shots of dramaturgy chose the cast for their presentation, "God Made the Country," which is to be performed at the Dramatic Festival in Calgary. Elsie Park Gowan, author of the play, is well known about the campus, having been President of the Literary Society a few years ago. The director is Nora Young, sister of the author, and thoroughly versed in things dramatic.

The female part is being taken by Margaret Aldwinckle, who recently won the distinction of being the best actress in the recent interyear plays. Rumors of her prowess still drift in from the hinterlands about Lacombe. The male lead is played by Parker Kent, Thespian of no mean ability, actor, playwright, director, who has contributed greatly to local dramatic excellence in the past two years. The "heavy," J. W. Chambers, is new in histrionic circles around here, but is remembered for his perpetrations in Casserole two or three years ago. However, he is reputed to have played parts such as dog howling off-stage and what-not at his own Alma Mater, University of Manitoba, and was recently connected with the Little Theatre at The Pas.

BACK AGAIN



The above depicted (at random) trio will sing, dance and entertain at the Undergrad. While most people read from left to right, these three read from right to left. From right to left they are Burns, Bingay and Bierwagen. As some of you may notice, they are wearing the quaint costumes of their native land, from which they were summarily exported shortly after this picture was taken. When asked about their impressions of this country they said they were most struck by our Undergrads. By the way, the Undergrad ticket sale begins Monday, Jan. 21st. Buy your 1935 summons early, for there'll be a limited number of copies on sale.

GOOD COLLECTION PAINTINGS IN ARTS

Aesthetic Dabs of Oils and Water Colors Displayed

On display on the second floor of the Arts Building is a collection of oil paintings and water color prints from the brushes of the Alberta Society of Artists in Calgary. Although the majority of the artists who have representative works in the collection are amateurs, there are, nevertheless, some professional artists' pieces. Belmore Brown, who lives in Banff for at least a part of every year, and specializes in the painting of mountain scenery, has achieved great success in these lines, and has become one of the best known of painters in and around Banff. In explanation of his method of working, we might turn our attention to "Autumn in the Rockies," probably for naturalness of treatment and perfect symmetry and harmony of composition "la meilleure piece" of the collection. Every component of the picture stands, not by itself, but as part of a unified whole. The spirit of Autumn, the mellowness of nature is shown as a true student of art sees it. In the "Valley of the Kicking Horse" we see again the sympathetic treatment of parts into a natural composition—the snow on the distant mountain tops is shown naturally, is not heightened by additional whiteness, but is subdued by the distance.

"The Poplar Grove" by Roland Grissing is thought by many to be worthy of first place. An oil painting in a happy combination of greens, yellows and browns. It might, however, be pointed out that the contrasts between shadows and sun flooded hillock are too great. To emphasize certain features, others are darkened unnaturally.

Excellent treatment of masses of rock and mountains is given "Mountain Scene" by J. M. Stevenson. While perhaps a little sombre in effect, it is nevertheless well done.

The energies of a young Albertan artist, Dorothea Richardson, have been well rewarded, for she has developed an original method of color expression which renders her prints distinctive and charming. In "Orchard Through Maples" we see delicate treatment of distant fields, clear and subdued, against which dark, purplish black trees stand in contrast. The foliage is grey, blotchy.

A luminous print, transparent and light, is "Mist and Smoke" by James Dichmont. The difficult effect of fused haze and grey smoke. Brown rushes stand in the quiet water and a boat is in the near foreground. A placid little scene full of quiet and of beauty.

A very interesting interior is "Blacksmith's Shop," showing remarkably

TO SPEAK WEDNESDAY



DR. R. C. WALLACE

Who will address the Philosophical Society tomorrow evening, Jan. 16th, at 8:15 p.m. The President will speak on "This Thing Called Liberty."

well the play of light and shadow.

"Wind Blown Tree" by Arthur E. Hutton shows remarkable freedom of movement, uncontrolled action and ruthless wind tearing the branches of a tree with merciless power. The tree seems to be in the process of being torn from its rocky foundations.

From the brush of R. L. Harvey, "Mount Arrowsmith" is fresh, dainty and perfect. It is fresh in its delicate colorings and soft atmosphere; it is perfect in its composition, thought and portrayal.

"Kananaskis Upper Falls" is a scene of rushing water, torrent upon torrent, in a never-ending crash down a rocky slope. Tons of water splash and thunder on the way and spray flies into the air.

—D. H.

Hoopmen Miss Boat

Varsity's Senior B hoopers made a very bad mistake during the holidays. They had made arrangements to travel to Bella Coola to play an Indian team there, with all expenses paid and a guarantee of all gate receipts. But the sad ending of the story is that they missed the boat—in fact, two boats. The first one the U.S.S. Cardena, which was to transport them to Bella Coola for the game, and the second the gate receipts, which have amounted to well over \$200.—Ubysey.

Jim—What are those things they call "tableaux vivants"?

Sam—They are a sort of an act put on by living actors that don't move any more than if they were dead.

There will be no Intervarsity debate this Friday evening. U.B.C. disliked the proposition selected this year by those in charge, to wit, "Resolved that the Brotherhood of Man is an Entirely Practicable Doctrine." Manitoba withdrew because B.C. did. Saskatchewan came to the conclusion that the McGoun Trophy series was off for this year, and neglected to make any preparations. In other words, they just did not bother to get ready for a debate.

Meantime Alberta gaily went ahead, picked two men, duly inaugurated an imposing advertising campaign and was all prepared to sell tickets Monday morning. Then word was received from Saskatoon, in reply to a letter having to do with the question of judges and kindred details, to the effect that they would be unable to meet Alberta Friday evening, but would be willing to undertake the debate later on if Alberta wished.

A rumor to the effect that B.C. and Manitoba are sliding out of the western association in order to debate with American universities was given on credit by Mr. McClung. The latter (McClung) hopes to resurrect the debate and have the McGoun Cup at stake.

Mr. M. J. Coldwell to Address Political Science Club on C.C.F.

National Secretary of Cooperative Commonwealth Federation to Speak Here

The Political Science Club is fortunate in obtaining as a spokesman for the C.C.F. party one of its most prominent members. Mr. Coldwell holds the important positions of leader of the C.C.F. party in the Saskatchewan Legislature and National Secretary of the Dominion organization. He is possibly best known outside of political circles as the centre of the recent controversy in Regina, when upon being elected to the Saskatchewan Legislature, he was asked by the school board to resign his principalship of a Regina school. However, the school board later changed its decision.

Mr. Coldwell is known as one of the best speakers of the socialist group. He has had a long civic and political career. As a graduate of Exeter University and a prominent educationist, he will be able to treat his subject from academic viewpoint. We hope he will discuss C.C.F. politics and its political philosophies.

The club can assure you an interesting meeting, and we trust you will take the opportunity to attend.

The meeting will likely be held in Med 158, but watch the bulletin boards for final notice.

WORLD CONGRESS OF STUDENTS TO MEET SOON

Preparations for the return of the Canadian delegates to the World Student Congress at Brussels are now going ahead. A meeting of the Toronto Student Anti-War Society is being held Jan. 14 to discuss detailed plans for having a mass reception for the returning delegates at the University of Toronto. At the same time, preparations for a tour of the delegates through the universities in Southern Ontario are being made. It is planned to have them visit Queen's, Western and McMaster, and several high schools. Information from Montreal reveals that the McGill League Against War is making similar preparations.

The University of Toronto Anti-War Society is planning to issue a Student Anti-War publication of a national character. The first number will be off the press about the third week in January, and will contain a call to Eastern Canada Congress of Students Again War to take place in Toronto, March 2nd and 3rd. Word received from East Windsor reports that Anti-War groups are being set up in the high schools there, and they will endeavor to send two delegates to this congress.

The January issue of The Student, organ of the Student League of Canada, will be off the press this week. This will be a 20-page issue, an increase from a 16-page issue. One of the features of this issue will be a symposium, in which Graham Spry, prominent leader of the C.C.F., Bill Kashan, National Secretary of the Young Communist League, and E. Burnham Wyllis, editor of the York County Post, will discuss the relation of student problems to Socialism, Communism and Social Credit respectively.

J. Frederic, of the University of British Columbia, branch of the Student League, has an interview with a "mystic" type of student, M. Wayman, National Secretary of the Student League, has an article on the growth of student organization in Canada, outlining the growing radicalization of the Canadian Students. Permission has been obtained from New Masses, the outstanding American, proletarian, cultural weekly, to reprint some of the sensational documented exposes of "Plotting America's Pogroms" by John L. Spivak. These will begin as a series in the February issue.

MEDICAL STUDENT HEROINE

Brummy Aiello, fifth year Medical student, has consented to take the part of the lady petitioner who seeks a divorce at the grand court of pleasure—the Undergrad.



M. J. COLDWELL

PLANS FOR MED BALL NOW FERMENTING

The regular open forum will be held this Thursday, Jan. 17, in the common room of the Arts Building. The subject under discussion, one which is conspicuously prominent with the advance of a future election, is: "Resolved that Radical Groups within the State should be rigorously suppressed."

All those who wish to participate in the provincial debates which before long will be in full swing, must be on hand.

MED BALL

Elaborate plans are now under way to make the 1935 Med Ball, a ball of balls. The dance will be held in Athabasca Hall on February 1, at 9:00 p.m. Arrangements are in the hands of the third year Med class, and for this reason alone it will be a great success.

Mel Hammill's Orchestra, with its soft, dreamy, romantic, etc., music, will be in attendance. Tickets are available from your class representative or members of the executive.

This year the ball is open to Dents and Nurses as well as all members of the Med faculty.

Watch The Gateway for further announcements.

I SAW THIS WEEK

Ted Bishop: "The most stupendous, colossal, magnificent Year Book . . ."

Three hundred students in Residence playing poker all week-end.

Dr. "Daddy" Sheldon communing with himself out loud: "Shall I be guided to put him on probation or shall I not?"

Arthur Bierwagen going to the D.U. tea last Saturday—who said Bierwagen was always late?

Ah! Tracks going into Dr. Rutherford's summer house. Ain't love grand!

Bill Scott endorsed with the following sign: "You're wrong—it's a boy."

COMING UP

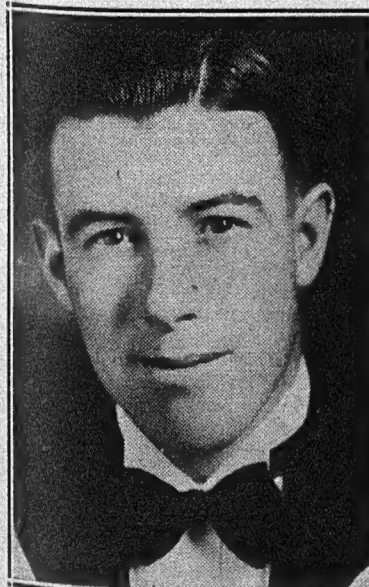
Philharmonic Chorus Practice, Wednesday, 7:30, St. Joe's.

House Dance, Saturday, 8-11, Athabasca.

Cercle Français Mercredi à Collège, St. Joseph's.

Pharmacy Club, Monday, Jan. 16, Supper Meeting at St. Joe's, 6:45.

RUGGED INDIVIDUALISTS



MAX CROSBIE



ALBERT DUNCAN

The first of the series of weekly radio debates will take place on Friday, January 18th, at 7:00 p.m., over the Western Network—"Resolved there is as much scope for individualism under Government control as under unrestricted competition."

Albert Duncan and Max Crosbie will uphold the negative against the debaters at U.B.C. Mr. Duncan is graduating in law this year, and Mr. Crosbie is getting his Master's in Political Economy. They both debated on the Commission last year, and have taken part in University debates.

The C.R.C. shield goes to the winner. Manitoba and Saskatchewan will debate the following Friday.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

Editor-in-Chief Douglas McDermid
Associate Editors: Chris, Jackson, William Epstein, Chas. Perkins
STAFF FOR TUESDAY EDITION

Editor John Corley
News Editor Dorothy Howe
Feature Editor Ed Greene
Sports Editor Art Kramer
Women's Editor Madeline Austin
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Casserole Helen Henderson, Lovey Shaw
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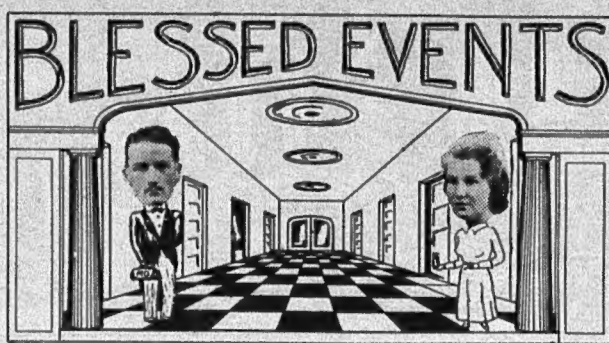
THE STUDENTS' UNION MEETING FIASCO

The student body definitely showed it wasn't interested in the ruling of the Board of Governors by failing to turn out to the meeting called to discuss the question. We commend the students for their calm detachment, their superb indifference to any matter concerning the government of their country. The President of the University was quite right in forbidding political clubs the campus, for it is not the purpose of the students at University to interest themselves in the machinations of any political party. If the students had expressed any views on the question of professors in politics it would have immediately labelled them as C.C.F.'s or Conservatives. The perspicacity with which the student body recognized this real danger of embroiling themselves in politics was wonderful to behold. Only harm could have come to the University by a student discussion of freedom of speech when such a question has been taken out of the academic field and made a political issue.

That one hundred presumptuous young persons signed a petition to call a Students' Union meeting to discuss such a vital question shows to what depths the University has sunk. Surely it is not the business of a University student to apply what he has learned of liberty, of freedom to a living political issue. Most certainly not. His job is to acquire these facts and to put them down in nice orderly array point by point on an examination paper. Then, of course, once this duty is done, sleep again for the rest of the year is the prime necessity. The University has succeeded in its attempts at higher education. If the educational system of the day cannot give at least 200 students in this University an interest in the political affairs of the country, then it is well-nigh time that enquiry was made why.

"Now I lay me down to sleep

And hope the Lord my soul will keep"
should be added to the University students' song.



Alas! Where is the good old Anglo-Saxon stodginess that we used to fondly believe we had in dependable abundance as a people? It was so safe. . . . And where is the institutional serenity that used to characterize this higher seat of learning?

Where? Alas—gone! What was once a smooth surface of academic placidity is now but a restless tumult of foamy waves kept astir by a frightful series of "controversies"; what was once a healthy (and consequently uninteresting) student organism, has now grown to be a painful mass of quivering sensitivity. Touch us and we cry out; say something about us and we go mad! Well, well, what's the matter? The truth is painful, but it had better come out—we've become hypochondriachal. It may or may not be serious. It's a symptom of what the whole world is suffering from today; it epitomizes the prevalent attitude of mind. A twig snaps in the woods and what was but an instant before a relaxed little bunch of soft fur becomes galvanized into bounding muscularity, a rabbit fleeing (as it thinks—and not incorrectly sometimes) for its life. Well, we aren't so far removed from the rabbit, and today we hear too many twigs snapping, or rather we think we do. We are worse off than the rabbit, because we have over-active imaginations, and also because instead of running very sensibly in circles (as nature intended us to) we will insist on running head first into stone walls.

By this time the intelligence has probably reached this institution that our federal politicians will be making their quinquennial pilgrimage to the people shortly. Some radical souls hold that these bold spirits are taking quite a chance this time in permitting themselves to come within arm's reach of the people, but the general opinion is that they will return to their Ottawa offices once more refreshed by the hearty hand-shaking, back-slapping and baby-kissing exercises which constitute about the only form of contact with us that they have, so demanding is their work. A few pessimists are inclined to think that baby-kissing will have lost much of its old zestful appeal this year, because babies in general are so much thinner than they used to be, but our politicians are nothing if not stout fellows, and we are sure they will keep up brave fronts, just as the babies will kick and squall in ineffectual protest as usual. It's good for the babies, even though it does seem tough at the time. If they survive, they haven't much to fear in life.

The co-ed hockey team wishes to announce through this column that they stand ready to challenge all comers—professors, Gateway, Aggies or even Engineers, in fact anyone except the Senior hockey team which, of course, is too much under their class, to a free-for-all. The only ruling for this brawl will be that all who have previously seen skates or ice (ice-men not included) will be disqualified. Contestants will provide themselves with ski-poles, brooms or frying pans, roller or bob-skates and plenty of pillows strategically placed. The stouter members of the boxing and wrestling club have kindly volunteered to act as referees and goal judges. They want some pointers.

Overheard at the last hockey game—Scott: "It would have been a better game if there'd been more Stark and less Scott."

All students who like their religion served with paprika should attend one of Evangelist Neighbor's gingery little talks. They're even more dynamic than the Law Follies proposes to be. One of his gentle reminders should be posted in the Tuckshop: "If some of the Jezebels in this town knew how much they are going to smoke after they die they wouldn't smoke so much now!"

The newest infant organization to be born on the campus is the Psychology Club. Its first public appearance will be concerned with the subject, "The Psychology of Twitting." T.W.H. and T.O.W.H. are cordially invited to come and join the disgust-tion.

Norman Cameron made a trip recently to Montreal, concerning which he maintains a modest silence. Apparently he went to see his grandmother.

"There is but one God and Mahomet is His prophet," intoned the mullah to the worshipping natives.
"That is untrue," cried a short, yellow-skinned individual.
"Ah," smiled the kindly priest, "there's a little confusion here."

Mother—Son, you've been drinking. I smell it on your evidence.
Son—No, mam. I ate frogs at the initiation and you smell the hops.



CORRESPONDENCE

Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir,—In the January 8 issue of your paper, under the heading "Professors in Politics," re the decision of the Board of Governors that members of the University faculty must not participate in provincial or federal politics, the attitude seems to be taken that the decision must be meekly accepted.

Those who read the remarks of Mr. Roper and various students in the article referred to will agree that the members of the board acted with the best interests of the University in mind. However, this depriving of the members of the faculty of part of their rights of citizenship is not only a serious loss to our people, but establishes a dangerous precedent.

Liberty is all too often undervalued until it has been lost. Can we not as students co-operate with outside organizations in persuading the board to rescind their ruling? Why not debate the subject to clarify the issues, and follow this with a unified protest to the Board of Governors? Useless, you say. Perhaps. Yet why not give it a trial?
A. E. G.

University of Alberta,
January 14, 1935.

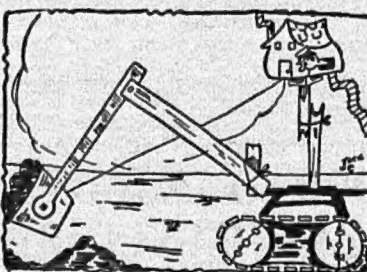
Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir,—It was rather an anticlimax to come back to the University after a gay week of holidays and on opening the first issue of The Gateway to see that column headed "Bilge." However, it was very pleasant to find in that same issue, as a sort of counter-balance, an article by our own inimitable Parker Kent.

With quivering hands the second edition of The Gateway was opened, and there sure enough was that awful drivel by "The Calico Cat." The companion article, "The Gingham Dog," which was much better, had sense enough to get out before it got too bad. But I guess you can't down a woman. Why not run some "interest inspiring" articles such as last year's "Taurus"? Even "Pervical Hodnut" with his awful puns would be welcome in place of the "Calico Cat."

Another article which I would like to mention in the one wherein Mr. Coughlin proposes to enlarge the rink. Is this absolutely necessary? As far as I am aware no great numbers have ever been turned away at any game for lack of room. Also is the increase in ice surface necessary for the hockey games? As the Students' Union has not a great deal of money to throw around, wouldn't it be a good plan to put any surplus towards a gymnasium fund? Certainly a "gym" is much more in need than ten feet of ice. I am quite sure this would meet with the approval of a large percentage of the students.

Yours truly,
J. D. ALLAN.

PLANS FOR THE MED BALL



What Ho! The House Dance

The House Dance, that ever popular indoor sport, functioned again for the first time this year, last Saturday night amid cheers. There's something spontaneous and light-hearted about a house dance that appeals to everybody—judging by the hordes who frequent them. When house dances start occurring regularly you may rest assured that Varsity is settling down again and composing itself for the second lap. Not that house dances have an especially composing influence—far be it from them—but that they are an inalienable part of Varsity life. Many are the momentous discoveries and far-reaching results that have had their roots there.

The customary diversified crowd attended: freshmen anxious to get acquainted, freshettes reveling in the number of times they are tagged in one dance; scintillating Pembinites and upper class men and women who expect to be bored and find themselves having the best time. A colossal stag line made itself obnoxious from the beginning, every other dance being a tag. Massed together in the centre of the floor, these parasites would single out the couples who seemed to be enjoying themselves the most, stalk after them, slap them on the back and dance off nonchalantly with the girls. This went on all evening, until near the end even waltzes weren't exempt. It was a novel situation indeed to see the wall lined with boys, who had to sit out dance after dance, and watch enviously as their pals floated past and who blushed and averted their eyes when recognized in such an humiliating position.

The infectious gaiety spread to the orchestra, who favored the gathering with excellent rhythm of the well-known variety as well as some brand new numbers. The latter were most acceptable, and a further cause for rejoicing. During the intermission part of the crowd drifted up to the gallery to watch and comment on those who remained below. Water was served, and in due time the dance was resumed. Thundering applause followed each number, and only by brute strength was the orchestra able to resist the clamor for more encores. It was most annoying to have 11 o'clock come so soon, but, as a last resort, there's always Tuck.



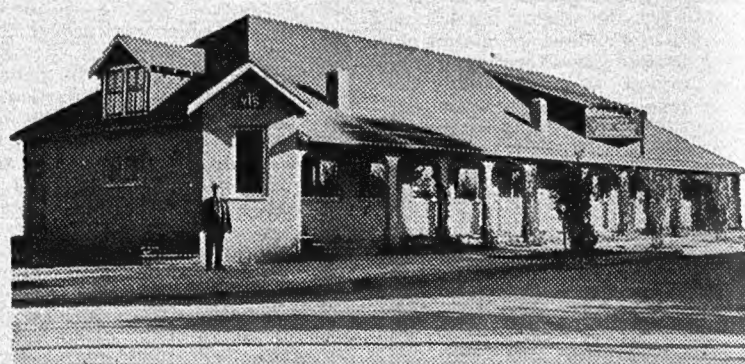
BUILT TO BE STRONG

The great building rises stone by stone, adding strength to strength from the solid rock on which it stands. The Royal Bank has progressed year by year. Its established position among the world's great banks is based upon a proven stability.

THE
ROYAL BANK
OF CANADA

VARSITY TUCK SHOP

THE BEST IN CANADA



THE RAINBOW ROOM

IS FREE FOR STUDENT FUNCTIONS

The Corona Hotel Dining Room

For Charming Surroundings and Excellent Cuisine
For Reservations Phone 27106

Befuddled Eclecticism

By D. G. R.

You know, I am in Law, a most noble profession; it symbolizes the Fountain of Justice. But then, looking at Medicine, is it not the most Humanitarian of all professions? And Theology, is it not greater for its gifts in the Spiritual Realm? Or what of Agriculture? Does it not provide the very Foundation of the Existence of Life. Or Engineering? Is it not the Basis of Our Civilization? Then there is the Educationalist, who trains us all to "do our part." Who would doubt that we are the "Cream of the Province?"

We shall go forth into the world as leaders of the masses. Our private lives shall be models of example to the next generation; we shall marry, raise healthy intelligent families, and take a modest part in the development of our communities. Perhaps those of us who are more successful, shall in proper appreciation of this our University, richly reward it by endowments. We shall gain the respect of our fellow-men; we shall receive honest gold for honest toil; and when we die the whole world may say, "He was an honorable man."

You know, the Chimpanzee belongs to the class of anthropoid apes—perhaps it is the most intelligent of Lower Animals. But then, looking at the Gorilla, is it not the Largest of Primates? Or what of the Orang? Does not its brain structure make the nearest approach to man? Or the Gibbon? Is it not the Greatest of Anthropoid Tree-Climbers? Who could doubt that these are the "Cream of the Monkey World?"

They go forth among the forests, leaders of the ape masses. Their private lives are models of example to others of the animal kingdom; they choose mates, raise healthy intelligent families, and some become leaders of their bands. Those who are successful in monkey living, in proper appreciation of their species, richly reward their forest homes with noisy hulla-balloo. They receive the respect of their fellow apes; they earn their fruits with their toil; and when they die their band moves mournfully on.

Is there any sense in the above? Any meaning? Any conclusions to be drawn? I wouldn't draw any. You know, we build our lives in two directions, we develop physically and intelligently (apes aren't intellectuals). By emphasis on the one or the other, we select the sedentary or motive professions. We vegetate or perambulate.

COUGHLIN'S

The Capitol Beauty Parlors

Edmonton's Oldest and Largest Permanent Waving Staff

FOR SALE—High-power Spencer Microscope, new. On display at Bookstore.

late, smash the harness as requiescamus in pace.
Ah! those keen, cool, penetrating thrills of contemplative life, the restful study, the exciting discovery, fresh inspiration and new relations. But rather, give me the robust, lusty, healthful, active life, where limbs are warm, well built and strong. Give me blood-coursing adventure, life's hot frenzy, the heady succulence of the grape, glamorous music, laughter and tears, and humanity. Let me play with the stupid and the vulgar; let me know the man behind villainy and grossness. Let me touch the heights, let me slip into the depths. (Aside: Go ahead, see if I care.)

This subject (have you found it?) raises many questions. I was told the other day that Ben Jonson was an artist. What is art? It is not necessary to human life, the ape pays no attention to it. Sensible ape. They say beauty is truth. I say Gertrude Stein, which, translated, means Joyce bologny. Take Ben Jonson for instance and that absurd thing, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." How can you drink with your eyes? How can you leave kisses in cups? Who wants to? Truth? Piffle.

But to return to good honest common-sense, there is nothing quite like money. It's a boon. Apes can't make it. But what do you suppose I am taking Law for? I am going to make money, heaps and piles and scads of money. All this talk about contemplative life, and active life, and art is nonsense; to talk about apes and men is greater nonsense. Concentrate on money. It's real.

We have reduced the prices of our New
Zipper Loose Leaf Books.

COME IN AND SEE THEM

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

The Maiden's Prayer

Edward McCormick—Yes, the girls can't get along without us.

Sheila Stewart—How do you know?

Edward J.—Well, don't they always conclude their prayers with "Ah Men?"

Other People's Houses - and Ours

The material monuments of Western lands are scarcely calculated to impress our casual visitors with the depth, length, breadth and purity of our cultural heritage. When one lives in the West all one's life, one learns to appreciate and admire the striving after ineffable beauty which has led Canadian contractors to build streets reminiscent of a telescoped world's fair, where Moorish cottages, Tudor villas and Georgian garages jostle one another in disharmonious medley. To a visitor, the suggestion that Western Canada could possess any tradition of domestic architecture whatsoever would be merely laughable. Our Eastern brethren have been more fortunate. In Quebec the French regime had time to develop the architectural heritage of France into something like an indigenous style. In Ontario and the Maritimes the Loyalists brought to their adopted land the classic spirit of Colonial days and produced buildings of some slight architectural merit before European architects had time to join that Battle of the Style, of which a wave was to submerge the unhappy builders of the West.

Real building did not begin in Western Canada until the closing decades of the nineteenth century. It was an inauspicious hour. For our own lasting sorrow, those were perhaps the most horrible years during which architecture was ever committed. The excesses of the Neo-Gothic were still bleeding red-brick wounds upon the battered architectural tradition of England; the Neo-Byzantine was much admired; and iron deer were the rage as garden ornaments. The old traditions were moribund and the modern manner, whether for good or evil, was as yet unborn. The heritage of Western architects was not promising. It labored under other disadvantages. Not only was there no tradition in which to build, but it is questionable whether there was any general impulse to build beautifully. There was instead a general feeling in the West of impermanence, a tendency towards the makeshift.

Therefore the stereotyped mistakes of Victorian England were repeated once more. A church to be built?—it must be Gothic; Gothic, so suitable to the lines of a prairie horizon. A new university should be Gothic too, a new Neo-Gothic, collegiate Gothic, conceived in error by Pugin out of brick. As for more utilitarian buildings, what need of style? A hospital did not need style, it needed space for beds. An office building? Obviously. Pile the boxes up on one another, trim with a garogyle and season with a pilaster or two. A financial institution? Naturally it must have a Classic facade; nothing like the Corinthian superimposed to give an impression of security. If this was the fate of more pretentious edifices, far worse was that of the dwelling-houses. Take a small cubical box made of wood or brick veneer, divide into compartments as desired and there was the framework, the bone-structure of the typical Western house. That, however, was only the beginning, a little pretty ornament could work considerable change. Much as Victorian ladies put drapes on the piano-legs, ball-fringe on the mantelpiece and taintypes in plush frames on the parlor table, so Western builders covered the shocking nudity of their little cubes with an amazing assortment of contractor's knick-knacks. A nice wooden grill along the roof-tree, a generous splattering of mansard windows in unexpected places, plenty of colored glass and a verandah with another tortured grill and a railing of ornamented spindles; there was the acme of the builder's art. We are no whit improved today. Our errors are more modish, therefore less glaringly apparent to us. What is the next generation going to think about some of our color-mixtures in stucco, our imitation half-timbering devoid of structural meaning, and our debased and badly-proportioned "Colonial"?

The great houses of England enshrined a tradition of domestic architecture, it developed to build them, and the smaller houses reflected their glories. In the West we have no great houses, and it is most unlikely that we ever shall have; if we are to have a domestic architecture it must be one which is best exemplified in houses of small and moderate size. Everything has not been bad. In our cities and towns a few of the older houses, built in prosperous pre-war days, have a certain satisfying dignity in their substantial pomp of dim red brick and white-painted woodwork. Perhaps some faint reminiscence of the glories of the Classic tradition preserved their builders from the worst excesses of the fretwork era. Most of them have fallen on evil days. Fashion has deserted them, and they have become boarding-houses or worse—mortuaries perhaps, indeed a not unsuitable end. Like these outposts of architectural hope, the ranch-houses of southwestern Alberta made some advance towards the achievement of an indigenous style. Low and rambling, built of logs, comfortable and picturesque, they suggest dwellings eminently suited to the way of life of which they were a part. Here too, unfortunately, snobbery took its toll. It became unfashionable to live in logs and successful ranchers built frame houses, abandoning their old homes to pigs and machinery.

Surely it is time in Western Canada that we should produce some manner of building more innately suitable to our country than that which has characterized our buildings until today. We have so far succeeded in producing almost nothing but a few fairly creditable imitations of other people's originals. We have some fine Gothic churches, but what, in the name of Heaven, has a Gothic church to do with the Canadian prairie? What little worth-while we have produced, we are inclined to despise. Could not Canadian architects, if such there be, break just a little with tradition, and produce something from native materials and with native craftsmen, a little more suitable to the local scenery?

IN VINDICATION

A curious thing, an engineer who prates of nought but beer and beer. He thinks that life was made for him To satisfy his every whim; That co-eds' love was his to take, That co-eds' hearts were his to break. Now Household Ec has proved that "he" Will never rise to heights of "she." He scorns the gingerbread and scones, He looks askance at shrimps and prawns. But beefsteak finds him at our feet, And such a state is very meet. We wave the onion, he's in tears. Alas! he's justified our fears. He's not a god—imagine that! He's of the proletariat!

A HOUSE ECCER.

ATTENTION, HOUSE ECCERS!

There will be a meeting of the Household Economics Club on Thursday, Jan. 17, at 4:30 o'clock, in S-235. Miss Kathleen Esch will speak on the commercial field of Household Economics.

CO-ED COLUMNS

EDITORIAL

When the words one utters, writ in hoar frost, hang heavily in the air, and when the wheels of milk-wagons creak in that high-pitched tone that announces the arrival of the lower sub-zero levels of temperature, the strong supporters of "the great out-of-doors" think longingly of a cosy "in-doors" hearth.

Although we ourselves are enthusiastic admirers of a frosted landscape, and talk at great length of the wonderfully exhilarating effect of winter sports, our enthusiasm oozes away as the mercury plunges to new low levels. We shamelessly transfer our affection from the out-of-doors to a fireplace, an easy chair, and a good book.

How long is it since you have sat before an open fire, tracing pictures in the flames, and then toasting bacon or popping corn over its dying embers? Who has not shivered delightfully at the conclusion of a ghost story, when they have come back from the setting of the story to a room where the spirited flames cast eerie, flickering shadows on the wall? There is no place, we are sure, as conducive to the narrating of good stories as before an open fire. Feeling the warmth of the fire entering into our own personality and enlarging the vision, we can easily see how the stories of the Middle Ages, told by passing minstrels before the roaring logs on feudal hearths, came to wear the fantastic garb in which they have come down to us. Even Beowulf's exploits would appear natural in such a setting when told by an imaginative story-teller.

All the world's troubles vanish in the magic of such an atmosphere, and the cracked radiator and frozen ink of the morning is now a thing of unreality. One's mind detaches itself from the moorings of reality and wanders in the by-paths of phantasy.

At such a time, it is wonderful to be alive.

THE FIRST MONTH (AD FOR SCHOOL OF ED.)

Hear ye! hear ye! all jaded co-eds. Ye who are weary unto death with the monotony of this higher education, hearken to my tale and it will show you a way of life that is thrilling beyond anything you have ever known.

For I am about to describe to you a country schoolmarm's first month. Ho-hum! fifty more miles to go and the grand new adventure begins. Was train ever so slow as this? I chuckle to myself as I remember Uncle Josh's train which "stopped at every house, and by gar, when it came to a double-house, stopped twice." But somehow the chuckle seemed to be rather an uneasy one. All of a sudden the rosy adventure didn't seem so ruddy, and a panic of doubt came over me as I saw my last pal alighting at her God-forsaken station. But soon I reinforced my weakening spine with the starch of my well-worn Normal platitudes—"Oh, well, I am sent as a missionary of culture to this poor benighted community," and other well known companions. Strangely enough, my spirits soon rose far past the zero mark, and almost immediately I heard the mournful call of my station (what does it matter?—Squashville will do).

In spite of myself, my knees would not behave as I tottered down the steps to meet a gentleman who was evidently my landlord, judging from his appraisal of my "city clothes" and my age. After a gruff greeting, he remarked, "How old are you, child?" For a moment I almost forgot that a teacher's job hangs by a thread. I satisfied myself by viciously pulling the pins out of my curls so horribly disfigured in their school teacher's knot.

We drove at a breakneck speed over hills and creeks till at last we reached a bare little cottage set in the centre of a plain, with nary a tree for a mile. However, it turned out to be a cosy wee place inside, with a sweet little landlady to greet me. But of course the first evening passed in the usual polite, stilted conversation, until at last I retired to my room, which was, alas, only half mine.

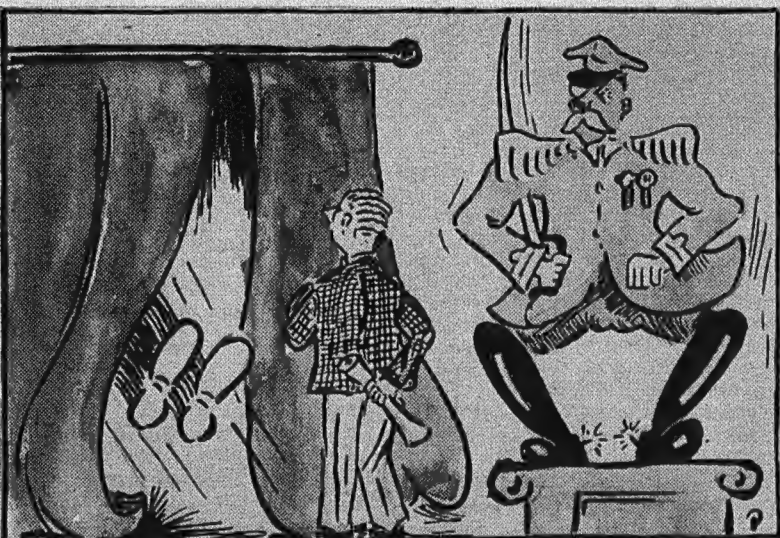
Next morning came the task of fixing up the school and preparing for the first day. The school proved to be an ancient affair which had not been painted since the '80's; and as for fixing it up—well, it took half a day to clear out the ten years' hoardings of the previous teacher, and the rest of the afternoon to decorate it with my pictures and nick-nacks I had conscientiously brought from Normal. But when the bedraggled and dusty teacher turned a last tired gaze on it, it did look cheery. With a sigh of relief, I locked the door with my own key for the first time and dragged my way home. After an evening spent in plans for the next day, I went to bed wondering sickly whether one really did live through that first day or not.

Morning dawned cold and gray. After I had choked down a cup of coffee, I started out to ring my bell for the first time. Will any teacher ever forget that first awful trip to the front of the room with thirty pairs of eyes making their own judgments of the new teacher! We had the opening exercises, and I began in a quivering voice to make my opening speech. Where was the masterpiece I had prepared last night? Gone, every word of it—and I sat down after making a few lame remarks. You ask me what happened for the rest of the day? Like Anne, I cannot tell you. It was one huge muddle to me, but at last, dazedly, three-thirty came and I was miraculously left alone again. Yes, I did the conventional thing—I wept and vowed I wouldn't stay more than a month, but my spirits rose a bit when I was greeted at my boarding-house that night by the news that somehow I had rather "gone over" with the youngsters.

"Day followed day, night followed night . . ." Oh, how that first week opens your eyes to the state of the real country school—not the dear red school-house of Normal days. How could youngsters be so dumb! I asked my grade sevens what the Indian Meeting was, and was rewarded by a blank stare. But suddenly a pair of eyes lit up and I got the eager answer, "It was something connected with the American Revolution, wasn't it?" In a spelling lesson a grade five pupil handed in this wonder, "necque"—(yes, "neck," how'd you guess it?) Why, oh why, didn't they tell you at Normal that the best red-lined time-tables don't work out, and that a year's primary seatwork gives out in a week?

But at last the long hectic month was over and, wonder of wonders, I got the offer of a free ride back to the white lights for Thanksgiving. None of you will ever know the rapture with which I gazed on Burns' Packing Plant and the red light on Jasper. But shall I tell you a secret? I vowed I never wanted to see the little old schoolhouse again, but, do you know, I was actually glad to get back to it again.

GUESS WHAT!



Burns: "Oh! that's the Senior Class Gift. It was going to be an equestrian statue—but we found we couldn't afford the horse."

THE THEATRES

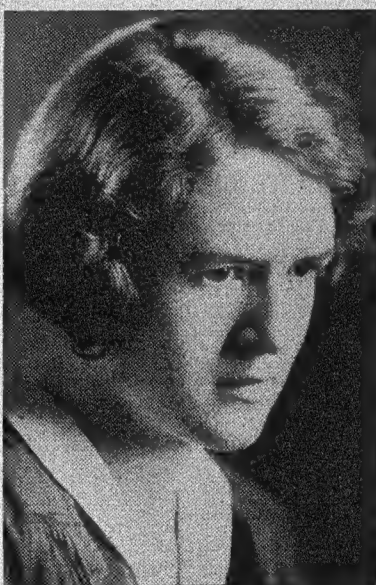
STRAND THEATRE—Starting Wednesday, Elissa Landis in "Enter Madame."

PRINCESS THEATRE—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra" and Charlotte Greenwood in "Orders is Orders."

EMPRESS THEATRE—Starting Monday, "Count of Monte Cristo."

RIALTO THEATRE—Starting today for one week, January 18th to January 24th, "Lady by Choice," starring Carole Lombard and May Robson.

POPULAR S.C.M. LEADER



MARGARET KINNEY

MARGARET KINNEY TO VISIT CAMPUS

Not the Campbells—but Margaret is coming! Tomorrow, Wednesday, Jan. 16, she arrives in Edmonton for a ten-day visit to her Alma Mater.

In every generation of students there are a few who stand out from the crowd, who leave the mark of their influence on the University. Marg is one of these. Ask anyone who knows her.

After her first year at Varsity she attended Normal, and for a bit of recreation played basketball with the Edmonton Grads and travelled to Europe with them in the summer of 1930.

Back at Varsity again, track, senior basketball and debating were a few of the things that claimed her attention. In '31-'32 she was president of the Wauneta Society and guided its affairs through a very successful year. But it isn't the things Marg does, but how she does them.

S. C. M. was always one of her chief interests. After attending several conferences at Jasper and elsewhere, she was Alberta's representative at Elgin House and Minnesota in the summer of '31.

Graduating in Arts in '32, Marg remained on the campus for a year as student secretary of S. C. M. In the fall of '33 she joined the staff of the National Movement, and has since been appointed Associate General Secretary of the S. C. M. of Canada. It is in that capacity that she visits our campus at this time.

The past summer she spent in Europe as a representative of the S. C. M. of Canada. She was present at the World's Student Christian Federation conference and the gathering of British Students at Swanwick. Geneva and other points in Europe were visited. One of the big needs of students today is to catch a world vision and to realize something of what is involved in world citizenship. Margaret will be able to help us acquire that wider outlook.

Tentative plans for the period of her visit include gatherings large and small. It is hoped that there will be a fireside or tea at which new women students will have a chance to meet Margaret. There will be also a general fireside and social gathering, the exact nature of which will be announced later.

Watch the bulletin boards and The Gateway for further announcements.

Everyone who is interested is invited to all meetings. We want you to share in the fun.

LOBSINGER—BROWN

During the Christmas season an event of unusual interest to University students was the wedding of Miss Patricia Mary Brown to Dr. Allan J. Lobsinger, which took place in Victoria. Mrs. Lobsinger is a graduate of the University of Alberta in Household Economics. Dr. Lobsinger is on the staff in the Department of Anatomy of the Medical school here. Their many friends join with The Gateway in wishing Dr. and Mrs. Lobsinger success and happiness throughout all the years of their married life.

POMES

It was resolved (Oh, Muses all
Please help me with this poem),
Resolved it was that woman's place
Is in the humble home.

However, no one came to talk
Except the aud-i-ence.
Therefore the ladies laughed and laughed
For there was no defence.

Affirmative speakers were scared to
come,
Negative won by default.
Therefore the ladies make this poem,
Which cometh now to a halt.

The men of the College emphatically
state
They did not default the bally debate.

We firmly believe the question is
settled,
No sense in letting the women get
nettled.

The arguments for are too many by far,
'Twould insult your intelligence to tell
what they are.

Since Eve first bargained behind
Adam's back,
All womanly meddling's left man with
the sack.

It wouldn't be needful to "cherchez la
femme"
If the place of "la femme" were at
home.

SPORTETTES

Saturday morning the Muttart Orioles met the girls from Edson at the Varsity rink. The green and gold pucksters were out to size up their opponents and to see just what they have to face in the opening game in the league this Friday. Before the final whistle went the Varsity girls were quite cheerful over their future prospects, and will be in there fighting on Friday.

Our swimming aces, seeking more competition, have challenged the "Y" girls to meet them Wednesday night at 9 o'clock. The divers will be performing also to add to the enjoyment of the meet. There is a nice slate of novice events, and the up-and-coming swimmers are urged to turn out and compete. The form events and stunts will furnish plenty of incentive to originality and ability. A new and exciting game, "Twenty Ways Across," will round off an enjoyable program.

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They say it's a good thing at a
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THREE STORES:

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And the New Store

No. 3—88th Ave. at 109th St.

SNAP INTO IT!

Get those snaps into the Evergreen and Gold Box near the Post Office, and snap up part of that \$8.00 prize money. The winning set of five gets the first \$5.00. Others may console themselves with second and third prizes of \$2.00 and \$1.00 Get 'em in before the 20th.

JANUARY 21st IS THE LAST DAY FOR
YEAR BOOK PRINTS

VARSITY STARS PROMINENT IN BADMINTON MEET

SPORTSHOTS

By Art Kramer

Prominently placed in the recent Edmonton Badminton Club meet are several well known figures on the campus and members of our own University club. And when you consider that the Edmonton Club represents the cream of the city badminton players and several of the rank-and-file racquet swingers in the province—well, a little back-slapping is in order.

Fraser Mitchell led the green and gold contingent, taking the men's singles and featuring in the winning of the men's doubles and the mixed doubles. In fact, the last part of the tournament had a distinct green and gold tinge with "Red" Cooper being the other half of Mitchell's doubles team, and both Mitchell and Cooper, along with Dick Hurlburt, ending up in the semi-final bracket in the singles events. The co-eds were well represented also, with Barbara "Flash Tony" Jarman getting well up in the women's events.

If the Students' Council choose to support the club in sending representatives to Calgary for the Alberta playoffs—and they should choose so—more sportive honor should be garnered for our glorious Alma Mater.

Doug McIntyre's squad of cage artists actually looked like a team last night as they tore into the surprised Redskins. In the first half they turned in some great basketball, and if they can keep up the pace they set for every minute of two halves they should make those southern outfits do some tall stepping to beat them. Two of the novices in senior company showed up particularly well last night. Jack Lees and "Muns" Imrie, both of whom were drawn from inter-faculty material, turned in great games and should go a long way before the season is over.

Interfac hockey history will be in the making if something isn't done about the winning streak the Ag-Com-Law aggregation is running up. So far the boys have rung in five straight wins with no ties and no losses. With the Pharm-Dents only one point behind them in the league race, here should be plenty of fire produced when these two squads tangle.

Al Wilson's hockey squads will both be seen in action this week. The men will take on the "Soops" at the Arena next Thursday night, while the women play their opening game on Friday against the Muttart team at the latter's rink.

Regarding the senior hockey situation, it has been decided to have the teams complete at least another trip around the circuit. That is, that each team will play another game with each of the other two teams. This leaves Varsity with another four games to play.

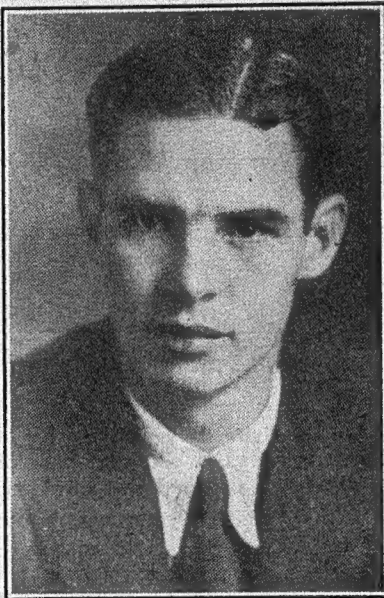
WANTED

Four wide-awake sports reporters to cover men's and women's activities. Apply at The Gateway office.

Ag-Com-Law Pucksters Score Fifth Straight Win

TAKE LEAD IN INTERFAC HOCKEY "A" LEAGUE

BASKETBALL COACH



DOUG MCINTYRE

Proved very effective in organizing and directing play in last night's exhibition. He is rapidly whipping the boys into shape for their southern trip.

MEN'S ATHLETICS HOLD CONFERENCE

Discuss Plans for a Banquet; Award System to be Revised

Early this week a meeting of the Men's Athletic Association of the University was held in the Arts Building. Plans for the remainder of the season were discussed and committees appointed to deal with various matters which came up for consideration. Following out the practice inaugurated last session, there is to be banquet. The plans for this affair are in the hands of C. A. Weeks and Jack Bergman.

Since the Badminton Club acquitted itself so well in the tournament just completed, it was decided that the association petition the Students' Council for funds whereby representatives of the club might compete in the provincial tournament to be held in Calgary. Arrangements are also under way for a home and home series with Saskatchewan University for the possession of the Halpenny cup, symbolic of the championship of the Western Canada Intercollegiate hockey championship. Alberta holds this cup at present.

The award system is again up for revision, and a committee consisting of the executive of Men's Athletics was appointed to deal with the matter. Don Wilson is heading the commission, assisted by Ev Borgal.

SEE HER IN ACTION



FRIDAY NIGHT

Arts Squad Surprise to Gain Tie With Pharm-Dents

"A" LEAGUE STANDING

| | W. | L. | T. | P. | Pts. |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|------|
| Ag-Com-Law | 5 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 10 |
| Pharm-Dents | 4 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 9 |
| Science | 3 | 2 | 0 | 5 | 6 |
| Meds | 1 | 5 | 0 | 6 | 2 |
| Arts | 0 | 5 | 1 | 6 | 1 |

Ag-Com-Law retained their leadership in the Interfac Hockey League by virtue of their fifth straight victory last Saturday, giving them a one-point margin over the Pharm-Dents, who gained a win and a tie in their week-end games.

Proving too good for one another, Arts and Pharm-Dents split the honors when the battled to a 1-1 finish in a regular "A" league fixture at the Varsity rink on Friday. Arts were out for a win, and only the fine work of Ross Stuart, Pharm-Dent goalie-de-luxe, prevented their sharp-shooting forwards from chalking up a winning margin.

Early in the first period Alex Denovan opened the scoring on a nice solo effort, when he took the puck down the left boards and sunk the old rubber with a close range shot that gave Stuart no chance. Peeved at this turn of events, the Pharm-Dents turned loose wave after wave of three-men rushes only to have them pile up on the hard-checking Borgal-West defence. Early in the third Des Rosiers broke away and tore in alone, only to miss an open goal by inches. That was the last Art's threat of the game. Playing five men up—even Goalie Stuart sauntering out occasionally to lend the boys a hand—Pharm-Dents opened an attack that was not to be denied, and with ninety seconds to go Kendall, Pharm-Dent sharpshooter, evened the count.

Smith, hard-working Arts right winger, turned in a nice game, while Holmes and Moore looked good in the Pharm-Dent ranks. Ev Borgal was the lone offender of the game when, under the strain of the hectic third period, he resorted to rather cavish tactics and drew two minor penalties.

The lineups:

Arts—Talmann, West, Borgal, Smith, Ussher, Jamieson, Des Rosiers, Darrah, Creighton, Denovan, Harris.

Pharm-Dents—Stuart, Jennijohn, Fraser, McCullough, Moore, Kendall, Johnson, Lee, Holmes.

Referee—Jack Leynes.

Saturday's Games

Saturday's "A" League double-header saw Science bow to Ag-Com-Law 1-0, as the winners chalked up their fifth straight win to regain the league leadership, while Pharm-Dents made sure of a top berth when they handed the fighting Meds a 2-1 setback.

The first game was hard fought throughout, and featured fast end to end rushes that kept the crowd on his feet (they were nearly frozen anyway, of course) from the start. Spectacular solo efforts by Bothwell, Park and Garbott brought Tompkins to his knees several times on what looked like sure goals, while the Ag-Com-Law string of Canty Gibson and Hardacre gave the Science crew no end of worry. Despite the fast pace the game was barren of goals until within a minute of the final whistle, when Tim Canty scooped up a pass from Dewis and whipped in a shot from close range for the game's lone counter.

The lineups:

Ag-Com-Law—Tompkins, Mitchell, Jackson, Gibson, Canty, Hardacre, Dewis, Love, Polomark.

Science—Devaney, Park, Boles, Robertson, MacKee, Bothwell, Bergmann, Garbott, Lees, Millar, Gordon.

Referee—Jack Leynes.

Pharm-Dents Win

On the heels of this came the Pharm-Dent-Med mixup. It was a hard game to lose and a great one for the Pharm-Dents to win. The first period ended scoreless, although the Pharm-Dents forced the play. In the second Bradley scored on a hard shot from the blue-line to put the Meds on top. Pharm-Dents opened the third, playing five men up, and Meds fighting gamely to hold their margin, only to lose it when a Pharm-Dent rush climaxed in front of the Med goal, where Kendall snapped the rubber in from close range. A few minutes later he beat Hall again on a long shot to make it 2-1 at the finish.

McCullough, Moore and Kendall were outstanding for the winners, while Lorne Oatway's cool defence work and Max Hall's goal-tending, especially in the first two periods, were

FRASER MITCHELL FEATURES IN TRIO OF VICTORIES

WINS, SINGLES, DOUBLES

Cooper, Hurlburt and Jarman Also Outstanding in Edmonton Club Annual Meet

Crashing through the defences of George Roberts as he stroked his way to victory, Fraser Mitchell, popular University athlete, added the Edmonton Club singles championship to his collection of badminton titles Saturday afternoon, winning in straight sets, 15-11, 15-6. The meet was right up Mitchell's alley, as he also annexed, besides the singles, championships in both the men's and mixed doubles.

Varsity Stars Shine

Varsity badminton stars shone brightly throughout the meet. Harry Cooper teamed up with Mitchell as they copied the men's doubles 15-9, 17-15, upsetting George Crawford and Bob Bradburn in a hotly contested match.

The men's singles was almost an all Varsity affair in the finish, with Dick Hurlburt and Harry Cooper fighting their way into the semi-finals along with Mitchell.

In the ladies' section, Barbara Jarman upheld the honor of the green and gold, getting as far as the semi-finals before being eliminated by the veteran Mrs. Johnson.

The showing of the Varsity members of the Edmonton Club is gratifying to the student badminton enthusiasts. Should the Students' Council come through with the grant petitioned for the Badminton Club by the Men's Athletic Association to have the University club represented in the Alberta playoffs in Calgary, Varsity will have a strong contingent to represent her.

CO-ED HOCKEY TEAM TO PLAY FRIDAY

Wilson Squad Oppose Muttart's Friday Night

With Coach Wilson back from his holidays, women's hockey is back to hard practising.

The teams have been picked and the schedule partly drawn up. Arrangements have been made for two lineups. Margaret Findlay is chosen for goalie; Norma Christie, Nancy Evans and Margaret Stone fill the defence positions; Thelma Barley, Lois Boomer, Barbara Burns, Mary Hewitt, Jane Laidlaw, Alice MacDonald, and Jean Smith play in the forward lines.

To date six games have been arranged, four with the Muttart Orioles and two exhibition games with the Rustlers. One of the two games to be played overtime with the Muttart Orioles will take place on the night of Friday, Jan. 18, at 7 o'clock.

The coach and team have been working hard. Both are enthusiastic in their efforts to win Varsity a place in the field of women's hockey. Give them your support, people. Then they'll have to prove worthy of it. And one thing is sure—they'll do their best!

VARSITY CAPTAIN



HAROLD RICHARD

Captain of the Varsity basketball team, who led his team to victory last night.

features of the game.

The lineups: Pharm-Dents—Stuart, Jennijohn, Fraser, McCullough, Moore, Kendall, Johnson, Lee, Dickson, Murray.

Meds—Hall, Oatway, McCurrah, Henry, Wallace, Trott, Johnson, Bradley, Young.

Referee—Pete Gordon.

Varsity Down Redskins 43-30 In Preparation for Trip South

DOUG MCINTYRE'S SQUAD COMING ALONG WELL

Varsity scored their second decisive victory over the Y.M.C.A. Redskins in an exhibition game last night at the Varsity gym when they chalked up 43 points to the overtowners 30 in a game which brought out some nice playing on the part of both teams. The form of the Varsity first string has improved greatly since the opening of the season, but the substitutes are still in need of practice and experience before they will be classed as a threat in senior company. On the whole the Varsity team showed up to advantage in every department of play. They were shooting with more deadly accuracy than ever before, notching almost half of their free throw attempts and scoring a greater percentage of field shots than they had in any game to date. Doug McIntyre is proving to be an able floor general, handling all plays smoothly and efficiently.

Bears Open Fast

The first period was all Varsity, the score boards reading 28 to 6 in favor of the green and gold squad. In this half the Bears had most of the play, maintaining possession of the ball almost all of the time. They kept up a smooth passing game that helped to work them into scoring position, which they used to good advantage. The Redskins were not as effective in the sharpshooting as on former occasions, nor was their defensive game as good as Varsity's. "Jawn" Shipley was the high scorer in this frame, netting 12 points while Lees connected for 10. Lees proved to be a free throw artist, only missing out on one of his attempts.

Relief Falls

In the second half Coach McIntyre sent in some of the relief men, who seemed to wilt under the pressure turned on by the "Y" boys. In the space of a few minutes the overtowners had run in eight points to Varsity's one. With the return of some of the regulars to the floor, the game steadied down, so that Varsity held their own for the remainder of the game, though they were outscored 24 to 15 in this spasm. The Varsity team is coming along fast, but they will have to improve a lot before they make their trip south on the 22nd of the month.

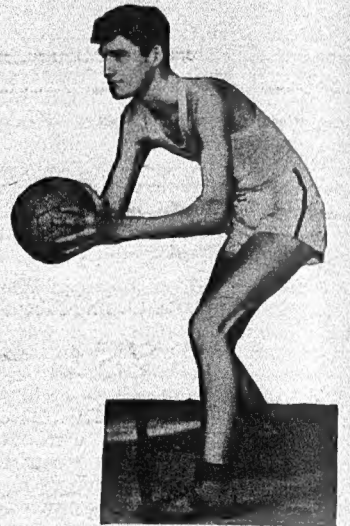
A return game with the Redskins will be played on Friday of this week.

The lineups:

Redskins—Richard (6), Hitler, Bogolatski (8), Clouston (4), Mitchell (4), Cunningham, Burton (6), Winkelaar (2), Richards.

Varsity—McIntyre (1), Shipley (19), Lees (13), Malcolm, Richard, Hutton, Imrie (8), Wozbow, Kiewell (2), Anderson.

HIGH SCORER



JOHN SHIPLEY

Who counted for almost half of Varsity's points last night, should be a big help to the Varsity squad when they go south.

Men Students Have Whole Night Sleep in Sorority House

(From Minnesota Daily)

Some time early Saturday morning, about 3 a.m., five bleary-eyed Minnesota students pulled into fraternity row in Madison all set for the Wisconsin game.

They were looking for Alpha Delta Phi fraternity house. Finally they walked up to one building that in the dim hours of the morning looked like the right place. Finding everybody asleep, they settled down in the sofa and easy chairs for the remainder of the night.

Along about 6:30 a.m. they were rudely awakened and pushed toward the door by an elderly woman in dressing gown. One of them mumbled a protest. A minute later the door slammed in their faces. Above the door were the initials of the Alpha Chi Omega sorority house.

LOOK IT!

Free ticket to the Undergrad! Yes, sir. So says McCormick. No fooling. Ed says, says he, that the lucky ticket holder at the next house dance gets a free admission to the Undergrad for himself and lady. Just think you can see Doc "Brummy" Aiello as the heroine in the grand skit. We'll be seein' you.

LOST

"World's Economic Dilemma"—Patterson.
"That Next War"—Bratt.
"The Great Illusion"—Angell.
"The Intelligent Man's Guide Through World Chaos"—Cole.

Kindly return to the International Relations Club Library.

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Sport Calendar

TUESDAY, Jan. 15—Interfaculty basketball: Meds vs. Arts, 8:30; Ags vs. Pharm-Com-Law, 9:45.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 16—Interfaculty hockey: Science vs. Meds, 5:30; Pharm-Dents vs. Ag-Com-Law, 6:30.

THURSDAY, Jan. 17—Interfaculty basketball: Arts vs. Ags, 8:30; Meds vs. Science, 9:45. Interfaculty hockey, "B" League: Med-Dents vs. Ag-Pharm-Com-Law, 5:30.

FRIDAY, Jan. 18—Basketball: Redskins at Varsity. Men's hockey: Varsity at Superiors. Women's hockey: Varsity at Muttarts. Interfaculty hockey: Pharm-Dents vs. Science, 5:30; Arts vs. Ag-Com-Law, 6:30.

Listen In to the

EATONIA MALE TRIO

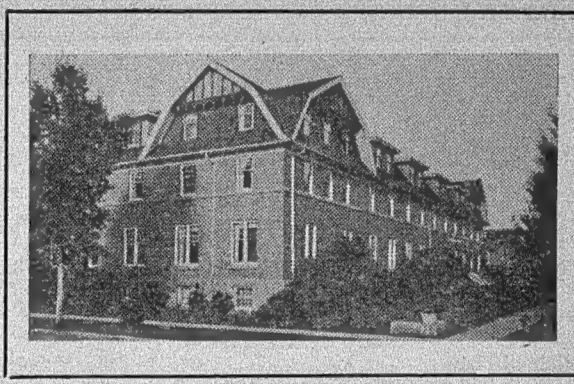
CFRN

Tuesday, January 15
6:30 p.m.

CJCA

Wednesday, January 16
6:30 p.m.

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED



INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATE CANCELLED

MEETING FEET-URES UNDERGRAD Debating League Falls Through

Students Heavily Scored By Bierwagen for Lack of Interest

The Usual Play-about of Belling the Cat Turns Out in Its Usual Campus Flat-tire Style

Picture Convocation Hall swarming to the organ tops with excited students whose throbbing bosoms seem ready to burst with high resolve and nitro-patriotism. Well, that's what Convocation Hall wasn't like Monday afternoon at 4:30 when the seventy-first crisis of this year of Good Lord 1934-35 was scheduled to be officially put to bed.

At the behest of seemingly urgent necessity, President Bierwagen called the meeting. One hundred and ten students, indignant over the decision of the Board of Governors to discourage entrance into public life of our professors, cried aloud for a piece of paper the other day, and when it was forthcoming poured forth their signatures in less time than it takes to tell, and thrust the paper under the astonished nose of Mr. Bierwagen, but lately returned from his holidays. A glance at the writing assured Mr. Bierwagen that something urgent must certainly be done, so a general meeting was called for Monday at which it was expected nothing short of revolution would be accomplished.

Well, nothing happened, as usual. A few people that no one had ever seen before, probably from overtown, walked in and timorously sat down. Mr. Bierwagen entered apprehensively and mounted the platform. He said that unless two hundred students could be proven present the meeting could not constitutionally take place. At this piece of intelligence fifteen or twenty engineers retired, being unwilling to undertake to prove that they were present. Heads were counted, and even though four Med students, three janitors, the print shop staff and Charley Hosford were captured and dragged in, the best that could be done towards a quorum was one hundred and eighty-five. Mr. Hosford escaped, and to Mr. Bierwagen this was the last straw. He adjourned the meeting. A pair of feet were to be seen moving about back of the curtain on the stage just before this, and as the crowd sat in stunned silence at the President's pronouncement, the curtains swung back to reveal blackboards urging people to go to the Undergrad. McCormick's hand!—and McCormick's feet!

Mr. Bierwagen has issued the following statement to The Gateway for publication:

"That the projected meeting of the Students' Union this afternoon should have to be abandoned for want of adequate attendance, I regard as a matter of the deepest regret. For my own action in dismissing the gathering I have no apologies to offer. Constitutionally it was impossible to proceed without the necessary quorum of two hundred members, since any resolution passed by a lesser group could not be construed as an official expression of student opinion. My action furthermore was justifiable on grounds of principle, for the meeting was convened at the behest of one hundred student petitioners, and where the student body thus take the initiative in calling a meeting, they impose upon

themselves a duty to attend and support such meeting.

"Regardless of the merits of the question under consideration, the meeting was well worth attending, as it offered to students an opportunity to express their opinions upon political and social principles of vital interest not only to the University, but to the whole province. If the petitioners themselves regard the failure of their meeting with disappointment, they may lay the blame directly at the door of the student body and more particularly at their own. It was their own failure to canvass adequately in advance the entire student body, coupled with the ennu and indifference of the latter, which led to this lamentable fiasco.

"If this manifest lack of interest of students in their own and community affairs is prophetic of the future of self-government on this campus, then the cause of student democracy is lost."

CAST SELECTED FOR DRAMAT PLAY

Margaret Aldwinckle to Take Feminine Lead in Festival Entry

Over the week-end the big shots of dramat chose the cast for their presentation, "God Made the Country," which is to be performed at the Dramatic Festival in Calgary. Elsie Park Gowan, author of the play, is well known about the campus, having been President of the Literary Society a few years ago. The director is Nora Young, sister of the author, and thoroughly versed in things dramatic.

The female part is being taken by Margaret Aldwinckle, who recently won the distinction of being the best actress in the recent interyear plays. Rumors of her prowess still drift in from the hinterlands about Lacombe. The male lead is played by Parker Kent, Thespian of no mean ability, actor, playwright, director, who has contributed greatly to local dramatic excellence in the past two years. The "heavy," J. W. Chambers, is new in histrionic circles around here, but is remembered for his perpetrations in Casserole two or three years ago. However, he is reputed to have played parts such as dog howling off-stage and what-not at his own Alma Mater, University of Manitoba, and was recently connected with the Little Theatre at The Pas.

FIRST STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING, 1935

The first meeting of the Students' Council was opened by the President timidly proffering the season's wishes to the members, who responded in chorus of four. In the absence of the secretary, "Tommy" Durrell proposed that the Council disregard the minutes and discuss suitable resolutions for the new semester. Some one suggested that "it be resolved that hereafter the Mount Royal College Students' Council should meet punctually," but was here interrupted by "Tommy" Durrell, who informed that august body that "The Gateway was rotten, and Mount Royal contributions insipid. No one denied this, but someone attempted to quiet "Tommy" by the mere mention of a new show at the Variety. Jack Oberholtzer, pointing his finger at the offender, offered "What about school spirit?"

"Let's have a snake dance," said Mayhood, and the Council adjourned for an indefinite time to experiment in snake-dancing, led by Audrey Brown pompously supplementing her shrill voice with the dignified rhythm of a tobacco tin. Upon sheer exhaustion, the members resumed their seats and discussed in low tones the doings and misdoings of the Council. Just at this moment in staggered Mr. Tennant, supported by Mr. Hunter, who instantly moved that the Council adjourn until Mr. Tennant could have sufficiently recovered from the effects of the Standings Committee and his English 2 mark. In pity, the Council adjourned.

MT. ROYAL LOSES TO GARBUTT 12-1

On Wednesday, January 9, Mount Royal College hockey team was beaten by Garbutt's College in the regular intermediate league hockey game. Mount Royal was decidedly weak, and in spite of some great work by Hanker in the goal and by Souter on defence, M.R.C. lost by the score of 12-1.

Fitzgerald and the Morrison brothers were the outstanding performers for the visitors, and accounted for most of the Garbutt scores. The visitors presented a strong, smooth-working team, with plenty of speed and good finish around the goal. The score was indicative of the strength of the two teams.

This defeat leaves Mount Royal in the bottom position in the league. It appears that unless Henker and Souter get more support, the Mount Royal College hockey team has a struggle-hold on their present position.

Mount Royal—Henker, Ragg, Souter, Oberholtzer, Tennant, Hunter, Fleming, Hanen, Miller, Chesney.

SONG FOR A SNAKE DANCE

January 9, 1935
From Lethargy, from peaceful Lethargy,
The wild uproar began
To waken Students from their Sleep,
As in their class they stay.
The tuneful voice of Jack did say,
"Arise, ye more than dead."
The students all with wondrous Eye
Rose slowly to their Feet.
The profs stared in Dismay.
From Lethargy, from peaceful Lethargy,
Roused by a beaten can,
From Lethargy to Gaity
Through all the Classes and the Hall
They ran,
While Jack with songs of sweetness
led the Van.

What passion was not raised by all
the Din,
When Oberholtzer struck the hollow
Tin.
His list'n'ing Brethren thronged around,
And formed the Line both long and thin
To answer that Celestial Sound.
Less than a Row they thought they
could not make,
But Jack so sweetly spake
That all for his dear Sake
Fell into Line and followed in his
Wake.

To Chem class, to clumb'ring Chem
Class,
Bold Jack leads the way.
Macdonald forced a pleasant Smile
As all his List'n'ers streamed
Away without a backward glance,
They wound through Halls and into
the Rooms,
The serpentine Dance;
Purves with Wrath to Failure looms
The Students, as in struggling File
They straggled out. It seemed
That all the School swarms in a mass
The gay dancers pass
From Class to Class,
Then to the Auditorium wend their
Way
And practise yells against a better day.
MacDRYDEN.

M. R. C. GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM PLAYS FAST GAME

Wednesday night our fast working hooperettes met the faster working (if possible) Crescent Heights squad in absolutely the fastest game of the season.

Highlights of the Game
Games started on time! Exactly! Evelyn Walker starred, scoring 20 out of 30 points.
How Tommy Durrell does love lemons! But oh! those rinds!
No fouls by M.R.C., while C.H.S.S. had five.
Scorekeepers often in difficulties, since they had never learned the magic art of counting.
The emotion displayed by the cheering line on the whistle caused the ref. some distress.
Large crowd—but where were the M.R.C. boys? Probably in the same hole they were in during the debate Friday.

Crescent Heights' players picking on little Rosa Polsky, and sweeping the floor with her. Never mind, Rosa, you showed 'em a thing or two, and you surely can take it.
That "Hold Your Man" feeling in the air!
And oh! those baskets Ginny Cook made!
Final Score—C.H.S.S. 46, M.R.C. 30.

Final Score—C.H.S.S. 46, M.R.C. 30.



Challenge

The Mount Royal Basketball team hereby challenge the Mount Royal Hockey team to prove their mettle in the following manner. The basketball team will play a game of hockey against the hockey team. The hockey team will play a game of basketball against the basketball team. The scoring will be modified in that the basketball team will divide their basketball score in half. The total points in both games will decide the winners.

Signed, M. R. C. Hockey Team.

Reply

The Hockey team of Mount Royal College heartily accept the challenge, and hurl defiance in the teeth of said basketball players.

Time, place and circumstances to be settled by mutual agreement.

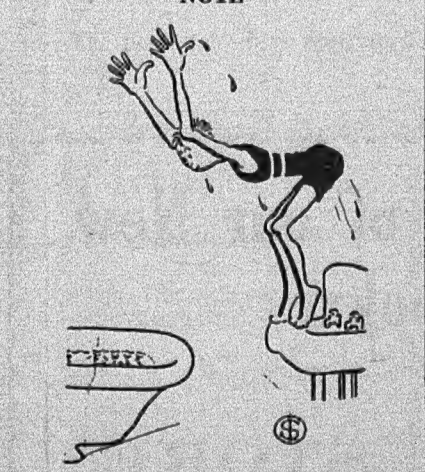
We would like to know what sad story is hidden in the past of Mr. Brooks, the rising wrestler, which led him to declare so firmly "The Woman's Place is Not in the Home." Nay, not only to state this with a firm and resolute air in that sacred period between 9:20 to 9:35, but to place his name in a conspicuous position beside the signature of many of dubious reputation on scroll provided for the same. Perhaps Mr. Brooks will give The Gateway the copyright of the story.

Important

This is to solicit your contributions as evidence of your support and school spirit. This is the true hope of the officials of this edition that upon receiving your contributions we may unite in saying in the unforgettable words of Napoleon "Vola un homme."

Editor's Note: We regret to say that Mr. Bennett used up all the letter "eyes" in his last radio address.

NOTE



This does not refer to the tub of last issue.

There will be no Intervarsity debate this Friday evening. U.B.C. disliked the proposition selected this year by those in charge, to wit, "Resolved that the Brotherhood of Man is an Entirely Practicable Doctrine." Manitoba withdrew because B.C. did. Saskatchewan came to the conclusion that the McGoun Trophy series was off for this year, and neglected to make any preparations. In other words, they just did not bother to get ready for a debate.

Meantime Alberta gaily went ahead, picked two men, duly inaugurated an imposing advertising campaign and was all prepared to sell tickets Monday morning. Then word was received from Saskatoon, in reply to a letter having to do with the question of judges and kindred details, to the effect that they would be unable to meet Alberta Friday evening, but would be willing to undertake the debate later on if Alberta wished.

A rumor to the effect that B.C. and Manitoba are sliding out of the western association in order to debate with American universities was given on credit by Mr. McClung. The latter (McClung) hopes to resurrect the debate and have the McGoun Cup at stake.

Mr. M. J. Coldwell to Address Political Science Club on C.C.F.

National Secretary of Cooperative Commonwealth Federation to Speak Here

The Political Science Club is fortunate in obtaining as a spokesman for the C.C.F. party one of its most prominent members. Mr. Coldwell holds the important positions of leader of the C.C.F. party in the Saskatchewan Legislature and National Secretary of the Dominion organization. He is possibly best known outside of political circles as the centre of the recent controversy in Regina, when upon being elected to the Saskatchewan Legislature, he was asked by the school board to resign his principalship of a Regina school. However, the school board later changed its decision.

Mr. Coldwell is known as one of the best speakers of the socialist group. He has had a long civic and political career. As a graduate of Exeter University and a prominent educationist, he will be able to treat his subject from academic viewpoint. We hope he will discuss C.C.F. politics and its political philosophies.

The club can assure you an interesting meeting, and we trust you will take the opportunity to attend.

The meeting will likely be held in Med 158, but watch the bulletin boards for final notice.

WORLD CONGRESS OF STUDENTS TO MEET SOON

Preparations for the return of the Canadian delegates to the World Student Congress at Brussels are now going ahead. A meeting of the Toronto Student Anti-War Society is being held Jan. 14 to discuss detailed plans for having a mass reception for the returning delegates at the University of Toronto. At the same time, preparations for a tour of the delegates through the universities in Southern Ontario are being made. It is planned to have them visit Queen's, Western and McMaster, and several high schools. Information from Montreal reveals that the McGill League Against War is making similar preparations.

The University of Toronto Anti-War Society is planning to issue a Student Anti-War publication of a national character. The first number will be off the press about the third week in January, and will contain a call to Eastern Canada Congress of Students Again War to take place in Toronto, March 2nd and 3rd. Word received from East Windsor reports that Anti-War groups are being set up in the high schools there, and they will endeavor to send two delegates to this congress.

The January issue of The Student, organ of the Student League of Canada, will be off the press this week. This will be a 20-page issue, an increase from a 16-page issue. One of the features of this issue will be a symposium, in which Graham Spry, prominent leader of the C.C.F., Bill Kashan, National Secretary of the Young Communist League, and E. Burnham Wyllie, editor of the York County Post, will discuss the relation of student problems to Socialism, Communism and Social Credit respectively. J. Frederic, of the University of British Columbia branch of the Student League, has an interview with a "mystic" type of student. M. Wayman, National Secretary of the Student League, has an article on the growth of student organization in Canada, outlining the growing radicalization of the Canadian Students. Permission has been obtained from New Masses, the outstanding American, proletarian, cultural weekly, to reprint some of the sensational documented exposes of "Plotting America's Pogroms" by John L. Spivak. These will begin as a series in the February issue.

MEDICAL STUDENT HEROINE

Brummy Aiello, fifth year Medical student, has consented to take the part of the lady petitioner who seeks a divorce at the grand court of pleasure—the Undergrad.



M. J. COLDWELL

PLANS FOR MED BALL NOW FERMENTING

The regular open forum will be held this Thursday, Jan. 17, in the common room of the Arts Building. The subject under discussion, one which is conspicuously prominent with the advance of a future election, is: "Resolved that Radical Groups within the State should be rigorously suppressed."

All those who wish to participate in the provincial debates which before long will be in full swing, must be on hand.

MED BALL

Elaborate plans are now under way to make the 1935 Med Ball, a ball of balls. The dance will be held in Athabasca Hall on February 1, at 9:00 p.m. Arrangements are in the hands of the third year Med class, and for this reason alone it will be a great success.

Mel Hammill's Orchestra, with its soft, dreamy, romantic, etc., music, will be in attendance. Tickets are available from your class representative or members of the executive.

This year the ball is open to Dents and Nurses as well as all members of the Med faculty.

Watch The Gateway for further announcements.

I SAW THIS WEEK

Ted Bishop: "The most stupendous, colossal, magnificent Year Book..."
Three hundred students in Residence playing poker all week-end.

Dr. "Daddy" Sheldon communing with himself out loud: "Shall I be guided to put him on probation or shall I not?"

Arthur Bierwagen going to the D.U. tea last Saturday—who said Bierwagen was always late?

Ah! Tracks going into Dr. Rutherford's summer house. Ain't love grand!

Bill Scott endorsed with the following sign: "You're wrong—it's a boy."

COMING UP

Philharmonic Chorus Practice, Wednesday, 7:30, St. Joe's.
House Dance, Saturday, 8-11, Athabasca.
Cercle Français Mercredi à Collège, St. Joseph's.
Pharmacy Club, Monday, Jan. 16, Supper Meeting at St. Joe's, 6:45.

RUGGED INDIVIDUALISTS



MAX CROSBIE



ALBERT DUNCAN

The first of the series of weekly radio debates will take place on Friday, January 18th, at 7:00 p.m., over the Western Network—"Resolved there is as much scope for individualism under Government control as under unrestricted competition."

Albert Duncan and Max Crosbie will uphold the negative against the debaters at U.B.C. Mr. Duncan is graduating in law this year, and Mr. Crosbie is getting his Master's in Political Economy. They both debated on the Commission last year, and have taken part in University debates.

The C.R.C. shield goes to the winner. Manitoba and Saskatchewan will debate the following Friday.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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Editor-in-Chief Douglas McDermid
Associate Editors: Chris, Jackson, William Epstein, Chas. Perkins
STAFF FOR TUESDAY EDITION

Editor John Corley
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THE STUDENTS' UNION MEETING FIASCO

The student body definitely showed it wasn't interested in the ruling of the Board of Governors by failing to turn out to the meeting called to discuss the question. We commend the students for their calm detachment, their superb indifference to any matter concerning the government of their country. The President of the University was quite right in forbidding political clubs the campus, for it is not the purpose of the students at University to interest themselves in the machinations of any political party. If the students had expressed any views on the question of professors in politics it would have immediately labelled them as C.C.F.'s or Conservatives. The perspicacity with which the student body recognized this real danger of embroiling themselves in politics was wonderful to behold. Only harm could have come to the University by a student discussion of freedom of speech when such a question has been taken out of the academic field and made a political issue.

That one hundred presumptuous young persons signed a petition to call a Students' Union meeting to discuss such a vital question shows to what depths the University has sunk. Surely it is not the business of a university student to apply what he has learned of liberty, of freedom to a living political issue. Most certainly not. His job is to acquire these facts and to put them down in nice orderly array point by point on an examination paper. Then, of course, once this duty is done, sleep again for the rest of the year is the prime necessity. The University has succeeded in its attempts at higher education. If the educational system of the day cannot give at least 200 students in this University an interest in the political affairs of the country, then it is well-nigh time that enquiry was made why.

"Now I lay me down to sleep

And hope the Lord my soul will keep"
should be added to the University students' song.



Alas! Where is the good old Anglo-Saxon stodginess that we used to fondly believe we had in dependable abundance as a people? It was so MY DEAR— safe. . . . And where is the institutional serenity that used to characterize this higher seat of learning? Where? Alas—gone! What was once a smooth surface of academic placidity is now but a restless tumult of foamy waves kept astir by a frightful series of "controversies"; what was once a healthy (and consequently uninteresting) student organism, has now grown to be a painful mass of quivering sensitivity. Touch us and we cry out; say something about us and we go mad! Well, well, what's the matter? The truth is painful, but it had better come out—we're become hypochondriachal. It may or may not be serious. It's a symptom of what the whole world is suffering from today; it epitomizes the prevalent attitude of mind. A twig snaps in the woods and what was but an instant before a relaxed little bunch of soft fur becomes galvanized into bounding muscularity, a rabbit fleeing (as it thinks—and not incorrectly sometimes) for its life. Well, we aren't so far removed from the rabbit, and today we hear too many twigs snapping, or rather we think we do. We are worse off than the rabbit, because we have over-active imaginations, and also because instead of running very sensibly in circles (as nature intended us to) we will insist on running head first into stone walls.

By this time the intelligence has probably reached this institution that our federal politicians will be making their quinquennial pilgrimage to the people shortly. Some radical souls hold that these bold spirits are taking quite a chance this time in permitting themselves to come within arm's reach of the people, but the general opinion is that they will return to their Ottawa offices once more refreshed by the hearty hand-shaking, back-slapping and baby-kissing exercises which constitute about the only form of contact with us that they have, so demanding is their work. A few pessimists are inclined to think that baby-kissing will have lost much of its old zestful appeal this year, because babies in general are so much thinner than they used to be, but our politicians are nothing if not stout fellows, and we are sure they will keep up brave fronts, just as the babies will kick and squall in ineffectual protest as usual. It's good for the babies, even though it does seem tough at the time. If they survive, they haven't much to fear in life.

The co-ed hockey team wishes to announce through this column that they stand ready to challenge all comers—professors, Gateway, Aggies or even Engineers, in fact anyone except the Senior hockey team which, of course, is too much under their class, to a free-for-all. The only ruling for this brawl will be that all who have previously seen skates or ice (ice-men not included) will be disqualified. Contestants will provide themselves with ski-poles, brooms or frying pans, roller or bob-skates and plenty of pillows strategically placed. The stouter members of the boxing and wrestling club have kindly volunteered to act as referees and goal judges. They want some pointers.

Overheard at the last hockey game—Scott: "It would have been a better game if there'd been more Stark and less Scott."

All students who like their religion served with paprika should attend one of Evangelist Neighbor's gingery little talks. They're even more dynamic than the Law Follies proposes to be. One of his gentle reminders should be posted in the Tuckshop: "If some of the Jezebels in this town knew how much they are going to smoke after they die they wouldn't smoke so much now!"

The newest infant organization to be born on the campus is the Psychology Club. Its first public appearance will be concerned with the subject, "The Psychology of Twitting." T.W.H. and T.O.W.H. are cordially invited to come and join the disgust-tion.

Norman Cameron made a trip recently to Montreal, concerning which he maintains a modest silence. Apparently he went to see his grandmother.

"There is but one God and Mahomet is His prophet," intoned the mullah to the worshipping natives.
"That is untrue," cried a short, yellow-skinned individual.
"Ah," smiled the kindly priest, "there's a little confusion here."

Mother—Son, you've been drinking. I smell it on your evidence.
Son—No, mam. I ate frogs at the initiation and you smell the hops.



Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In the January 8 issue of your paper, under the heading "Professors in Politics," re the decision of the Board of Governors that members of the University faculty must not participate in provincial or federal politics, the attitude seems to be taken that the decision must be meekly accepted.

Those who read the remarks of Mr. Roper and various students in the article referred to will agree that the members of the board acted with the best interests of the University in mind. However, this depriving of the members of the faculty of part of their rights of citizenship is not only a serious loss to our people, but establishes a dangerous precedent.

Liberty is all too often undervalued until it has been lost. Can we not as students co-operate with outside organizations in persuading the board to rescind their ruling? Why not debate the subject to clarify the issues, and follow this with a unified protest to the Board of Governors? Useless, you say. Perhaps. Yet why not give it a trial?

A. E. G.

University of Alberta,
January 14, 1935.

Editor, The Gateway.

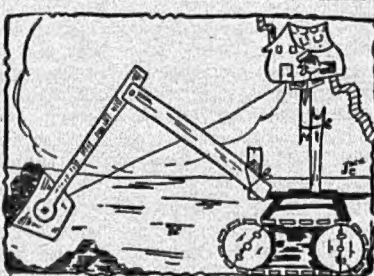
Dear Sir,—It was rather as an anticlimax to come back to the University after a gay week of holidays and on opening the first issue of The Gateway to see that column headed "Bilge." However, it was very pleasant to find in that same issue, as a sort of counterbalance, an article by our own inimitable Parker Kent.

With quivering hands the second edition of The Gateway was opened, and there sure enough was that awful drivel by "The Calico Cat." The companion article, "The Gingham Dog," which was much better, had sense enough to get out before it got too bad. But I guess you can't down a woman. Why not run some "interest inspiring" articles such as last year's "Taurus"? Even "Pervical Hodnut" with his awful puns would be welcome in place of the "Calico Cat."

Another article which I would like to mention in the one wherein Mr. Coughlin proposes to enlarge the rink. Is this absolutely necessary? As far as I am aware no great numbers have ever been turned away at any game for lack of room. Also is the increase in ice surface necessary for the hockey games? As the Students' Union has not a great deal of money to throw around, wouldn't it be a good plan to put any surplus towards a gymnasium fund? Certainly a "gym" is much more in need than ten feet of ice. I am quite sure this would meet with the approval of a large percentage of the students.

Yours truly,
J. D. ALLAN.

PLANS FOR THE MED BALL

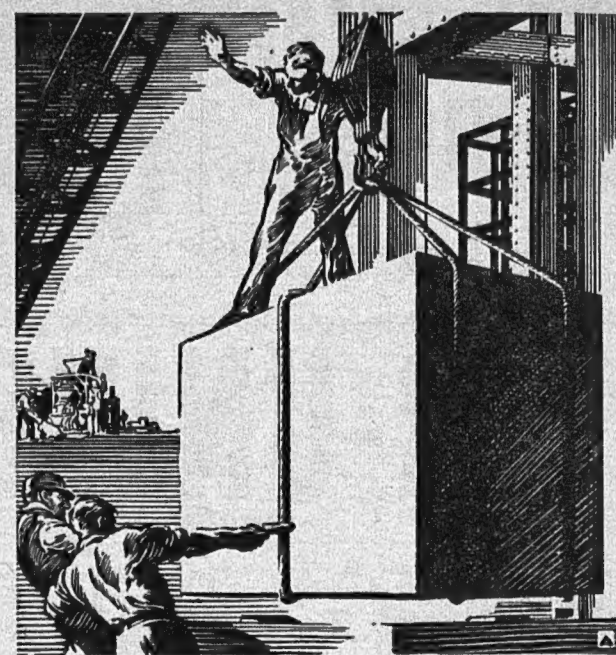


What Ho! The House Dance

The House Dance, that ever popular indoor sport, functioned again for the first time this year, last Saturday night amid cheers. There's something spontaneous and light-hearted about a house dance that appeals to everybody—judging by the hordes who frequent them. When house dances start occurring regularly you may rest assured that Varsity is settling down again and composing itself for the second lap. Not that house dances have an especially composing influence—far be it from them—but that they are an inalienable part of Varsity life. Many are the momentous discoveries and far-reaching results that have had their roots there.

The customary diversified crowd attended: freshmen anxious to get acquainted, freshettes reveling in the number of times they are tagged in one dance; scintillating Penbinites and upper class men and women who expect to be bored and find themselves having the best time. A colossal stag line made itself obnoxious from the beginning, every other dance being a tag. Massed together in the centre of the floor, these parasites would single out the couples who seemed to be enjoying themselves the most, stalk after them, slap them on the back and dance off nonchalantly with the girls. This went on all evening, until near the end even waltzes weren't exempt. It was a novel situation indeed to see the wall lined with boys, who had to sit out dance after dance, and watch enviously as their pals floated past and who blushed and averted their eyes when recognized in such a humiliating position.

The infectious gaiety spread to the orchestra, who favored the gathering with excellent rhythm of the well-known variety as well as some brand new numbers. The latter were most acceptable, and a further cause for rejoicing. During the intermission part of the crowd drifted up to the gallery to watch and comment on those who remained below. Water was served, and in due time the dance was resumed. Thundering applause followed each number, and only by brute strength was the orchestra able to resist the clamor for more encores. It was most annoying to have 11 o'clock come so soon, but, as a last resort, there's always Tuck.



BUILT TO BE STRONG

The great building rises stone by stone, adding strength to strength from the solid rock on which it stands. The Royal Bank has progressed year by year. Its established position among the world's great banks is based upon a proven stability.

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Befuddled Eclecticism

By D. G. R.

You know, I am in Law, a most noble profession; it symbolizes the Fountain of Justice. But then, looking at Medicine, is it not the most Humanitarian of all professions? And Theology, is it not greater for its gifts in the Spiritual Realm? Or what of Agriculture? Does it not provide the very Foundation of the Existence of Life. Or Engineering? Is it not the Basis of Our Civilization? Then there is the Educationalist, who trains us all to "do our part." Who would doubt that we are the "Cream of the Province?"

We shall go forth into the world as leaders of the masses. Our private lives shall be models of example to the next generation; we shall marry, raise healthy intelligent families, and take a modest part in the development of our communities. Perhaps those of us who are more successful, shall in proper appreciation of this our University, richly reward it by endowments. We shall gain the respect of our fellow-men; we shall receive honest gold for honest toil; and when we die the whole world may say, "He was an honorable man."

You know, the Chimpanzee belongs to the class of anthropoid apes—perhaps it is the most Intelligent of Lower Animals. But then, looking at the Gorilla, is it not the Largest of Primates? Or what of the Orang? Does not its brain structure make the nearest approach to man? Or the Gibbon? Is it not the Greatest of Anthropoid Tree-Climbers? Who could doubt that these are the "Cream of the Monkey World?"

They go forth among the forests, leaders of the ape masses. Their private lives are models of example to others of the animal kingdom; they choose mates, raise healthy intelligent families, and some become leaders of their bands. Those who are successful in monkey living, in proper appreciation of their species, richly reward their forest homes with noisy hulla-baloos. They receive the respect of their fellow apes; they earn their fruits with their toil; and when they die their hand moves mournfully on.

COUGHLIN'S

The Capitol Beauty Parlors

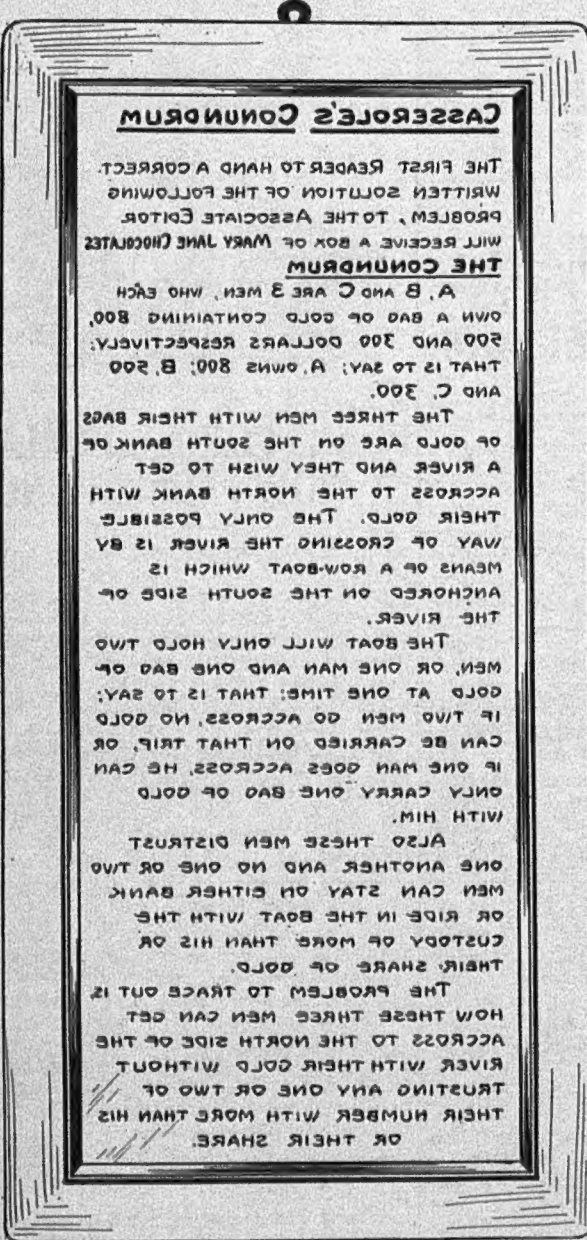
Edmonton's Oldest and Largest Permanent Waving Staff

FOR SALE—High-power Spencer Microscope, new. On display at Bookstore.

late, smash the harness as requiescamus in pace.
Ah! those keen, cool, penetrating thrills of contemplative life, the restful study, the exciting discovery, fresh inspiration and new relations. Lusty rather, give me the robust, lusty, healthful, active life, where limbs are warm, well built and strong. Give me blood-coursing adventure, life's hot frenzy, the heady succulence of the grape, glamorous music, laughter and tears, and humanity. Let me play with the stupid and the vulgar; let me know the man behind villainy and grossness. Let me touch the heights, let me slip into the depths. (Aside: Go ahead, see if I care.)

This subject (have you found it?) raises many questions. I was told the other day that Ben Jonson was an artist. What is art? It is not necessary to human life, the ape pays no attention to it. Sensible ape. They say beauty is truth. I say Gertrude Stein, which, translated, means Joyce bologny. Take Ben Jonson for instance and that absurd thing, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." How can you drink with your eyes? How can you leave kisses in cups? Who wants to? Truth? Piffle.

But to return to good honest common-sense, there is nothing quite like money. It's a boon. Apes can't make it. But what do you suppose I am taking Law for? I am going to make money, heaps and piles and scads of money. All this talk about contemplative life, and active life, and art is nonsense; to talk about apes and men is greater nonsense. Concentrate on money. It's real.



The Maiden's Prayer

Edward McCormick—Yes, the girls can't get along without us.

Sheila Stewart—How do you know?

Edward J.—Well, don't they always conclude their prayers with "Ah Men"?

We have reduced the prices of our New
Zipper Loose Leaf Books.

COME IN AND SEE THEM

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Other People's Houses — and Ours

The material monuments of Western lands are scarcely calculated to impress our casual visitors with the depth, length, breadth and purity of our cultural heritage. When one lives in the West all one's life, one learns to appreciate and admire the striving after ineffable beauty which has led Canadian contractors to build streets reminiscent of a telescoped world's fair, where Moorish cottages, Tudor villas and Georgian garages jostle one another in disharmonious medley. To a visitor, the suggestion that Western Canada could possess any tradition of domestic architecture whatsoever would be merely laughable. Our Eastern brethren have been more fortunate. In Quebec the French regime had time to develop the architectural heritage of France into something like an indigenous style. In Ontario and the Maritimes the Loyalists brought to their adopted land the classic spirit of Colonial days and produced buildings of some slight architectural merit before European architects had time to join that Battle of the Style, of which a wave was to submerge the unhappy builders of the West.

Real building did not begin in Western Canada until the closing decades of the nineteenth century. It was an inauspicious hour. For our own lasting sorrow, those were perhaps the most horrible years during which architecture was ever committed. The excesses of the Neo-Gothic were still bleeding red-brick wounds upon the battered architectural tradition of England; the Neo-Byzantine was much admired; and iron deer were the rage as garden ornaments. The old traditions were moribund and the modern manner, whether for good or evil, was as yet unborn. The heritage of Western architects was not promising. It labored under other disadvantages. Not only was there no tradition in which to build, but it is questionable whether there was any general impulse to build beautifully. There was instead a general feeling in the West of impotence, a tendency towards the makeshift.

Therefore the stereotyped mistakes of Victorian England were repeated once more. A church to be built—it must be Gothic; Gothic, so suitable to the lines of a prairie horizon. A new university should be Gothic too, a new Neo-Gothic, collegiate Gothic, conceived in error by Pugin out of brick. As for more utilitarian buildings, what need of style? A hospital did not need style, it needed space for beds. An office building? Obviously. Pile the boxes up on one another, trim with a gargyle and season with a pilaster or two. A financial institution? Naturally it must have a Classic facade; nothing like the Corinthian superimposed to give an impression of security. If this was the fate of more pretentious edifices, far worse was that of the dwelling-houses. Take a small cubical box made of wood or brick veneer, divide into compartments as desired and there was the framework, the bone-structure of the typical Western house. That, however, was only the beginning, a little pretty ornament could work considerable change. Much as Victorian ladies put drapes on the piano-legs, ball-fringe on the mantelpiece and tints in plush frames on the parlor table, so Western builders covered the shocking nudity of their little cubes with an amazing assortment of contractor's knick-knacks. A nice wooden frill along the roof-tree, a generous splattering of mansard windows in unexpected places, plenty of colored glass and a verandah with another tortured frill and a railing of ornamented spindles; there was the acme of the builder's art. We are no whit improved today. Our errors are more modish, therefore less glaringly apparent to us. What is the next generation going to think about some of our color-mixtures in stucco, our imitation half-timbering devoid of structural meaning, and our debased and badly-proportioned "Colonial"?

The great houses of England enshrined a tradition of domestic architecture, it developed to build them, and the smaller houses reflected their glories. In the West we have no great houses, and it is most unlikely that we ever shall have; if we are to have a domestic architecture it must be one which is best exemplified in houses of small and moderate size. Everything has not been bad. In our cities and towns a few of the older houses, built in prosperous pre-war days, have a certain satisfying dignity in their substantial pomp of dim red brick and white-painted woodwork. Perhaps some faint reminiscence of the glories of the Classic tradition preserved their builders from the worst excesses of the fretwork era. Most of them have fallen on evil days. Fashion has deserted them, and they have become boarding-houses or worse—mortuaries perhaps, indeed a not unsuitable end. Like these outposts of architectural hope, the ranch-houses of southwestern Alberta made some advance towards the achievement of an indigenous style. Low and rambling, built of logs, comfortable and picturesque, they suggest dwellings eminently suited to the way of life of which they were a part. Here too, unfortunately, snobbery took its toll. It became unfashionable to live in logs and successful ranchers built frame houses, abandoning their old homes to pigs and machinery.

Surely it is time in Western Canada that we should produce some manner of building more innately suitable to our country than that which has characterized our buildings until today. We have so far succeeded in producing almost nothing but a few fairly creditable imitations of other people's originals. We have some fine Gothic churches, but what, in the name of Heaven, has a Gothic church to do with the Canadian prairie? What little worth-while we have produced, we are inclined to despise. Could not Canadian architects, if such there be, break just a little with tradition, and produce something from native materials and with native craftsmen, a little more suitable to the local scenery?

IN VINDICATION

A curious thing, an engineer who prates of nought but beer and beer. He thinks that life was made for him to satisfy his every whim; That co-eds' love was his to take, That co-eds' hearts were his to break. Now Household Ec has proved that "he" Will never rise to heights of "she." He scorns the gingerbread and scones, He looks askance at shrimps and prawns. But beefsteak finds him at our feet, And such a state is very meet. We wave the onion, he's in tears. Alas! he's justified our fears. He's not a god—imagine that! He's of the proletariat!

A HOUSE ECCER.

ATTENTION, HOUSE ECCERS!

There will be a meeting of the Household Economics Club on Thursday, Jan. 17, at 4:30 o'clock, in S-235. Miss Kathleen Esch will speak on the commercial field of Household Economics.

CO-ED COLUMNS

EDITORIAL

When the words one utters, writ in hoar frost, hang heavily in the air, and when the wheels of milk-wagons creak in that high-pitched tone that announces the arrival of the lower sub-zero levels of temperature, the strong supporters of "the great out-of-doors" think longingly of a cosy "in-doors" hearth.

Although we ourselves are enthusiastic admirers of a frosted landscape, and talk at great length of the wonderfully exhilarating effect of winter sports, our enthusiasm oozes away as the mercury plunges to new low levels. We shamelessly transfer our affection from the out-of-doors to a fireplace, an easy chair, and a good book.

How long is it since you have sat before an open fire, tracing pictures in the flames, and then toasting bacon or popping corn over its dying embers? Who has not shivered delightfully at the conclusion of a ghost story, when they have come back from the setting of the story to a room where the spirited flames cast eerie, flickering shadows on the wall? There is no place, we are sure, as conducive to the narrating of good stories as before an open fire. Feeling the warmth of the fire entering into our own personality and enlarging the vision, we can easily see how the stories of the Middle Ages, told by passing minstrels before the roaring logs on feudal hearths, came to wear the fantastic garb in which they have come down to us. Even Beowulf's exploits would appear natural in such a setting when told by an imaginative story-teller.

All the world's troubles vanish in the magic of such an atmosphere, and the cracked radiator and frozen ink of the morning is now a thing of unreality. One's mind detaches itself from the moorings of reality and wanders in the by-paths of phantasy.

At such a time, it is wonderful to be alive.

THE FIRST MONTH (AD FOR SCHOOL OF ED.)

Hear ye! hear ye! all jaded co-eds. Ye who are weary unto death with the monotony of this higher education, hearken to my tale and it will show you a way of life that is thrilling beyond anything you have ever known.

For I am about to describe to you a country schoolmarm's first month. Ho-hum! fifty more miles to go and the grand new adventure begins. Was train ever so slow as this? I chuckle to myself as I remember Uncle Josh's train which "stopped at every house, and by gar, when it came to a double-house, stopped twice." But somehow the chuckle seemed to be rather an uneasy one. All of a sudden the rosy adventure didn't seem so rosy, and a panic of doubt came over me as I saw my last pal alighting at her God-forsaken station. But soon I reinforced my weakening spine with the starch of my well-worn Normal platitudes—"Oh, well, I am sent as a missionary of culture to this poor benighted community," and other well known companions. Strangely enough, my spirits soon rose far past the zero mark, and almost immediately I heard the mournful call of my station (what does it matter?—Squashville will do).

In spite of myself, my knees would not behave as I tottered down the steps to meet a gentleman who was evidently my landlord, judging from his appraisal of my "city clothes" and my age. After a gruff greeting, he remarked, "How old are you, child?" For a moment I almost forgot that a teacher's job hangs by a thread. I satisfied myself by viciously pulling the pins out of my curls so horribly disfigured in their school teacher's knot.

We drove at a breakneck speed over hills and creeks till at last we reached a bare little cottage set in the centre of a plain, with nary a tree for a mile. However, it turned out to be a cosy wee place inside, with a sweet little landlady to greet me. But of course the first evening passed in the usual polite, stilted conversation, until at last I retired to my room, which was, alas, only half mine.

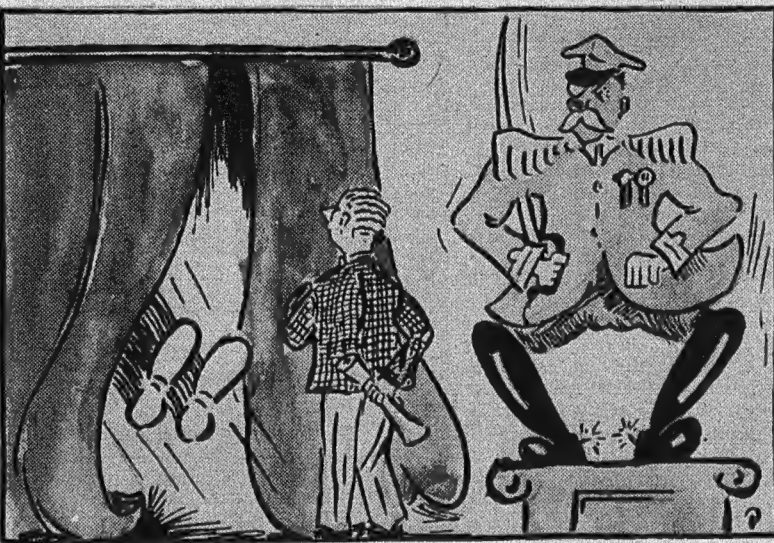
Next morning came the task of fixing up the school and preparing for the first day. The school proved to be an ancient affair which had not been painted since the '80s; and as for fixing it up—well, it took half a day to clear out the ten years' hoardings of the previous teacher, and the rest of the afternoon to decorate it with my pictures and nick-nacks I had conscientiously brought from Normal. But when the bedraggled and dusty teacher turned a last tired gaze on it, it did look cheery. With a sigh of relief, I locked the door with my own key for the first time and dragged my way home. After an evening spent in plans for the next day, I went to bed wondering sickly whether one really did live through that first day or not.

Morning dawned cold and gray. After I had choked down a cup of coffee, I started out to ring my bell for the first time. Will any teacher ever forget that first awful trip to the front of the room with thirty pairs of eyes making their own judgments of the new teacher! We had the opening exercises, and I began in a quavering voice to make my opening speech. Where was the masterpiece I had prepared last night? Gone, every word of it—and I sat down after making a few lame remarks. You ask me what happened for the rest of the day? Like Anne, I cannot tell you. It was one huge muddle to me, but at last, dazedly, three-thirty came and I was miraculously left alone again. Yes, I did the conventional thing—I wept and vowed I wouldn't stay more than a month, but my spirits rose a bit when I was greeted at my boarding-house that night by the news that somehow I had rather "gone over" with the youngsters.

"Day followed day, night followed night . . ." Oh, how that first week opens your eyes to the state of the real country school—not the dear red school-house of Normal days. How could youngsters be so dumb! I asked my grade sevens what the Indian Meeting was, and was rewarded by a blank stare. But suddenly a pair of eyes lit up and I got the eager answer, "It was something connected with the American Revolution, wasn't it?" In a spelling lesson a grade five pupil handed in this wonder, "necque"—(yes, "neck," how'd you guess it?) Why, oh why, didn't they tell you at Normal that the best red-lined time-tables don't work out, and that a year's primary seatwork gives out in a week?

But at last the long hectic month was over and, wonder of wonders, I got the offer of a free ride back to the white lights for Thanksgiving. None of you will ever know the rapture with which I gazed on Burns' Packing Plant and the red light on Jasper. But shall I tell you a secret? I vowed I never wanted to see the little old schoolhouse again, but, do you know, I was actually glad to get back to it again.

GUESS WHAT!



Burns: "Oh! that's the Senior Class Gift. It was going to be an equestrian statue—but we found we couldn't afford the horse."

THE THEATRES

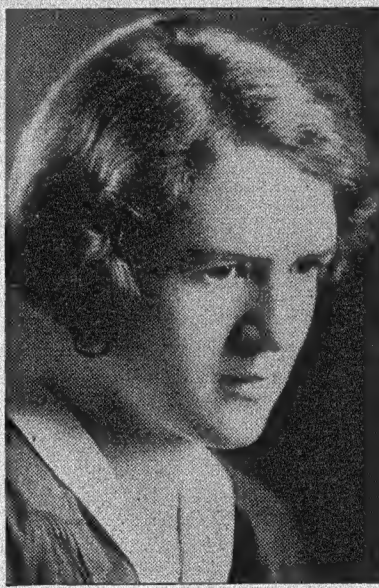
STRAND THEATRE—Starting Wednesday, Elissa Landis in "Enter Madame."

PRINCESS THEATRE—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra" and Charlotte Greenwood in "Orders is Orders."

EMPRESS THEATRE—Starting Monday, "Count of Monte Cristo."

RIALTO THEATRE—Starting today for one week, January 18th to January 24th, "Lady by Choice," starring Carole Lombard and May Robson.

POPULAR S.C.M. LEADER



MARGARET KINNEY

MARGARET KINNEY TO VISIT CAMPUS

Not the Campbells—but Margaret is coming! Tomorrow, Wednesday, Jan. 16, she arrives in Edmonton for a ten-day visit to her Alma Mater.

In every generation of students there are a few who stand out from the crowd, who leave the mark of their influence on the University. Marg is one of these. Ask anyone who knows her.

After her first year at Varsity she attended Normal, and for a bit of recreation played basketball with the Edmonton Grads and travelled to Europe with them in the summer of 1930.

Back at Varsity again, track, senior basketball and debating were a few of the things that claimed her attention. In '31-'32 she was president of the Wauneta Society and guided its affairs through a very successful year. But it isn't the things Marg does, but how she does them.

S. C. M. was always one of her chief interests. After attending several conferences at Jasper and elsewhere, she was Alberta's representative at Elgin House and Minnesing in the summer of '31.

Graduating in Arts in '32, Marg remained on the campus for a year as student secretary of S. C. M. In the fall of '33 she joined the staff of the National Movement, and has since been appointed Associate General Secretary of the S. C. M. of Canada. It is in that capacity that she visits our campus at this time.

The past summer she spent in Europe as a representative of the S. C. M. of Canada. She was present at the World's Student Christian Federation conference and the gathering of British Students at Swanwick. Geneva and other points in Europe were visited. One of the big needs of students today is to catch a world vision and to realize something of what is involved in world citizenship. Margaret will be able to help us acquire that wider outlook.

Tentative plans for the period of her visit include gatherings large and small. It is hoped that there will be a fireside or tea at which new women students will have a chance to meet Margaret. There will be also a general fireside and social gathering, the exact nature of which will be announced later.

Watch the bulletin boards and The Gateway for further announcements.

Everyone who is interested is invited to all meetings. We want you to share in the fun.

LOBSINGER—BROWN

During the Christmas season an event of unusual interest to University students was the wedding of Miss Patricia Mary Brown to Dr. Allan J. Lobsinger, which took place in Victoria. Mrs. Lobsinger is a graduate of the University of Alberta in Household Economics. Dr. Lobsinger is on the staff in the Department of Anatomy of the Medical school here. Their many friends join with The Gateway in wishing Dr. and Mrs. Lobsinger success and happiness throughout all the years of their married life.

POMES

It was resolved (Oh, Muses all
Please help me with this poem),
Resolved it was that woman's place
Is in the humble home.

However, no one came to talk
Except the aud-i-ence.
The little Audrey's laughed and laughed
For there was no defence.

Affirmative speakers were scared to
come,
Negative won by default.
Therefore the ladies make this pome,
Which cometh now to a halt.

The men of the College emphatically
state
They did not default the bally debate.

We firmly believe the question is
settled,
No sense in letting the women get
nettled.

The arguments for are too many by far,
I would insult your intelligence to tell
what they are.

Since Eve first bargained behind
Adam's back,
All womanly meddling's left man with
the sack.

It wouldn't be needful to "cherchez la
femme"
If the place of "la femme" were at
home.

SPORTETTES

Saturday morning the Muttart Orioles met the girls from Edson at the Varsity rink. The green and gold pucksters were out to size up their opponents and to see just what they have to face in the opening game in the league this Friday. Before the final whistle went the Varsity girls were quite cheerful over their future prospects, and will be in there fighting on Friday.

Our swimming aces, seeking more competition, have challenged the "Y" girls to meet them Wednesday night at 9 o'clock. The divers will be performing also to add to the enjoyment of the meet. There is a nice slate of novice events, and the up-and-coming swimmers are urged to turn out and compete. The form events and stunts will furnish plenty of incitement to originality and ability. A new and exciting game, "Twenty Ways Across," will round off an enjoyable program.

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Princess Theatre

Showing

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CLAUDETTE COLBERT in

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Also

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD in

"ORDERS IS ORDERS"

Coming Sat., "College Rhythm"

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small price.

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Your favorite Summer Snapshot
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THE MACDONALD

Supper Dance

Saturday, Jan. 19th, 1935

MEL. HAMILL'S ORCHESTRA

Dancing at the Macdonald every
Saturday night

The Rite Spot for Hamburgers

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And the New Store
No. 3—38th Ave. at 109th St.

SNAP INTO IT!

Get those snaps into the Evergreen and Gold Box near the Post Office, and snap up part of that \$8.00 prize money. The winning set of five gets the first \$5.00. Others may console themselves with second and third prizes of \$2.00 and \$1.00. Get 'em in before the 20th.

JANUARY 21st IS THE LAST DAY FOR
YEAR BOOK PRINTS

VARSIITY STARS PROMINENT IN BADMINTON MEET

SPORTSHOTS

By Art Kramer

Prominently placed in the recent Edmonton Badminton Club meet are several well known figures on the campus and members of our own University club. And when you consider that the Edmonton Club represents the cream of the city badminton players and several of the rank-ink racket swingers in the province—well, a little back-slapping is in order.

Fraser Mitchell led the green and gold contingent, taking the men's singles and featuring in the winning of the men's doubles and the mixed doubles. In fact, the last part of the tournament had a distinct green and goldish tinge with "Red" Cooper being the other half of Mitchell's doubles team, and both Mitchell and Cooper, along with Dick Hurlburt, ending up in the semi-final bracket in the singles events. The co-eds were well represented also, with Barbara "Flash Tony" Jarman getting well up in the women's events.

If the Students' Council choose to support the club in sending representatives to Calgary for the Alberta playoffs—and they should choose so—more sportive honor should be garnered for our glorious Alma Mater.

Doug McIntyre's squad of cage artists actually looked like a team last night as they tore into the surprised Redskins. In the first half they turned in some great basketball, and if they can keep up the pace they set for every minute of two halves they should make those southern outfits do some tall stepping to beat them. Two of the novices in senior company showed up particularly well last night. Jack Lees and "Muns" Imrie, both of whom were drawn from inter-faculty material, turned in great games and should go a long way before the season is over.

Interfac hockey history will be in the making if something isn't done about the winning streak the Ag-Com-Law aggregation is running up. So far the boys have rung in five straight wins with no ties and no losses. With the Pharmadents only one point behind them in the league race, here should be plenty of fire produced when these two squads tangle.

Al Wilson's hockey squads will both be seen in action this week. The men will take on the "Soops" at the Arena next Thursday night, while the women play their opening game on Friday against the Muttart team at the latter's rink.

Regarding the senior hockey situation, it has been decided to have the teams complete at least another trip around the circuit. That is, that each team will play another game with each of the other two teams. This leaves Varsity with another four games to play.

WANTED

Four wide-awake sports reporters to cover men's and women's activities. Apply at The Gateway office.

Ag-Com-Law Pucksters Score Fifth Straight Win

TAKE LEAD IN INTERFAC HOCKEY "A" LEAGUE

BASKETBALL COACH



DOUG MCINTYRE

Proved very effective in organizing and directing play in last night's exhibition. He is rapidly whipping the boys into shape for their southern trip.

MEN'S ATHLETICS HOLD CONFERENCE

Discuss Plans for a Banquet; Award System to be Revised

Early this week a meeting of the Men's Athletic Association of the University was held in the Arts Building. Plans for the remainder of the season were discussed and committees appointed to deal with various matters which came up for consideration. Following out the practice inaugurated last session, there is to be banquet. The plans for this affair are in the hands of C. A. Weeks and Jack Bergman.

Since the Badminton Club acquitted itself so well in the tournament just completed, it was decided that the association petition the Students' Council for funds whereby representatives of the club might compete in the provincial tournament to be held in Calgary. Arrangements are also under way for a home and home series with Saskatchewan University for the possession of the Halpenny cup, symbolic of the championship of the Western Canada Intercollegiate hockey championship. Alberta holds this cup at present.

The award system is again up for revision, and a committee consisting of the executive of Men's Athletics was appointed to deal with the matter. Don Wilson is heading the commission, assisted by Ev Borgal.

SEE HER IN ACTION



FRIDAY NIGHT

Arts Squad Surprise to Gain Tie With Pharm-Dents

"A" LEAGUE STANDING

| | W | L | T | P | Pts |
|-------------|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Ag-Com-Law | 5 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 10 |
| Pharm-Dents | 4 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 9 |
| Science | 3 | 2 | 0 | 5 | 6 |
| Meds | 1 | 5 | 0 | 6 | 2 |
| Arts | 0 | 5 | 1 | 6 | 1 |

Ag-Com-Law retained their leadership in the Interfac Hockey League by virtue of their fifth straight victory last Saturday, giving them a one-point margin over the Pharm-Dents, who gained a win and a tie in their week-end games.

Proving too good for one another, Arts and Pharm-Dents split the honors when the battled to a 1-1 finish in a regular "A" league fixture at the Varsity rink on Friday. Arts were out for a win, and only the fine work of Ross Stuart, Pharm-Dent goalie-de-luxe, prevented their sharp-shooting forwards from chalking up a winning margin.

Early in the first period Alex Denovan opened the scoring on a nice solo effort, when he took the puck down the left boards and sunk the old rubber with a close range shot that gave Stuart no chance. Peeved at this turn of events, the Pharm-Dents turned loose wave after wave of three-men rushes only to have them pile up on the hard-checking Borgal-West defence. Early in the third Des Rosiers broke away and tore in alone, only to miss an open goal by inches. That was the last Art's threat of the game. Playing five men up—even Goalie Stuart sauntering out occasionally to lend the boys a hand—Pharm-Dents opened an attack that was not to be denied, and with ninety seconds to go Kendall, Pharm-Dent sharpshooter, evened the count.

Smith, hard-working Arts right winger, turned in a nice game, while Holmes and Moore looked good in the Pharm-Dent ranks. Ev Borgal was the lone offender of the game when, under the strain of the hectic third period, he resorted to rather cavish tactics and drew two minor penalties.

The lineups:

Arts—Talmann, West, Borgal, Smith, Ussher, Jamieson, Des Rosiers, Darrah, Creighton, Denovan, Harris.

Pharm-Dents—Stuart, Jennijohn, Fraser, McCullough, Moore, Kendall, Johnson, Lee, Holmes.

Referee—Jack Leynes.

Saturday's Games

Saturday's "A" League double-header saw Science bow to Ag-Com-Law 1-0, as the winners chalked up their fifth straight win to regain the league leadership, while Pharm-Dents made sure of a top berth when they handed the fighting Meds a 2-1 setback.

The first game was hard fought throughout, and featured fast end to end rushes that kept the crowd on its feet (they were nearly frozen anyway, of course) from the start. Spectacular solo efforts by Bothwell, Park and Garbott brought Tompkins to his knees several times on what looked like sure goals, while the Ag-Com-Law string of Cauty Gibson and Hardacre gave the Science crew no end of worry. Despite the fast pace the game was barren of goals until within a minute of the final whistle, when Tim Cauty scooped up a pass from Dewis and whipped in a shot from close range for the game's lone counter.

The lineups:

Ag-Com-Law—Tompkins, Mitchell, Jackson, Gibson, Cauty, Hardacre, Dewis, Love, Polomark.

Science—Devaney, Park, Boles, Robertson, MacKee, Bothwell, Bergmann, Garbott, Lees, Millar, Gordon.

Referee—Jack Leynes.

Pharm-Dents Win

On the heels of this came the Pharm-Dent-Med mixup. It was a hard game to lose and a great one for the Pharm-Dents to win. The first period ended scoreless, although the Pharm-Dents forced the play. In the second Bradley scored on a hard shot from the blue-line to put the Meds on top. Pharm-Dents opened the third, playing five men up, and Meds fighting gamely to hold their margin, only to lose it when a Pharm-Dent rush climaxed in front of the Med goal, where Kendall snapped the rubber in from close range. A few minutes later he beat Hall again on a long shot to make it 2-1 at the finish.

McCullough, Moore and Kendall were outstanding for the winners, while Lorne Oatway's cool defence work and Max Hall's goal-tending, especially in the first two periods, were

FRASER MITCHELL FEATURES IN TRIO OF VICTORIES

WINS, SINGLES, DOUBLES

Cooper, Hurlburt and Jarman Also Outstanding in Edmonton Club Annual Meet

Crashing through the defences of George Roberts as he stroked his way to victory, Fraser Mitchell, popular University athlete, added the Edmonton Club singles championship to his collection of badminton titles Saturday afternoon, winning in straight sets, 15-11, 15-6. The meet was right up Mitchell's alley, as he also annexed, besides the singles, championships in both the men's and mixed doubles.

Varsity Stars Shine

Varsity badminton stars shone brightly throughout the meet. Harry Cooper teamed up with Mitchell as they copied the men's doubles 15-9, 17-15, upsetting George Crawford and Bob Bradburn in a hotly contested match.

The men's singles was almost an all Varsity affair in the finish, with Dick Hurlburt and Harry Cooper fighting their way into the semi-finals along with Mitchell.

In the ladies' section, Barbara Jarman upheld the honor of the green and gold, getting as far as the semi-finals before being eliminated by the veteran Mrs. Johnson.

The showing of the Varsity members of the Edmonton Club is gratifying to the student badminton enthusiasts. Should the Students' Council come through with the grant petitioned for the Badminton Club by the Men's Athletic Association to have the University club represented in the Alberta playoffs in Calgary, Varsity will have a strong contingent to represent her.

CO-ED HOCKEY TEAM TO PLAY FRIDAY

Wilson Squad Oppose Muttart's Friday Night

With Coach Wilson back from his holidays, women's hockey is back to hard practising.

The teams have been picked and the schedule partly drawn up. Arrangements have been made for two lineups. Margaret Findlay is chosen for goalie; Norma Christie, Nancy Evans and Margaret Stone fill the defence positions; Thelma Bailey, Lois Boomer, Barbara Burns, Mary Hewitt, Jane Laidlaw, Alice MacDonald, and Jean Smith play in the forward lines.

To date six games have been arranged, four with the Muttart Orioles and two exhibition games with the Rustlers. One of the two games to be played overtime with the Muttart Orioles will take place on the night of Friday, Jan. 18, at 7 o'clock.

The coach and team have been working hard. Both are enthusiastic in their efforts to win Varsity a place in the field of women's hockey. Give them your support, people. Then they'll have to prove worthy of it. And one thing is sure—they'll do their best!

VARSIITY CAPTAIN



HAROLD RICHARD

Captain of the Varsity basketball team, who led his team to victory last night.

features of the game.

The lineups:

Pharm-Dents—Stuart, Jennijohn, Fraser, McCullough, Moore, Kendall, Johnson, Lee, Dickson, Murray.

Meds—Hall, Oatway, McCurrah, Henry, Wallace, Trott, Johnson, Bradley, Young.

Referee—Pete Gordon.

Varsity Down Redskins 43-30 In Preparation for Trip South

DOUG MCINTYRE'S SQUAD COMING ALONG WELL

Varsity scored their second decisive victory over the Y.M.C.A. Redskins in an exhibition game last night at the Varsity gym when they chalked up 43 points to the overtowners 30 in a game which brought out some nice playing on the part of both teams. The form of the Varsity first string has improved greatly since the opening of the season, but the substitutes are still in need of practice and experience before they will be classed as a threat in senior company. On the whole the Varsity team showed up to advantage in every department of play. They were shooting with more deadly accuracy than ever before, notching almost half of their free throw attempts and scoring a greater percentage of field shots than they had in any game to date. Doug McIntyre is proving to be an able floor general, handling all plays smoothly and efficiently.

Bears Open Fast

The first period was all Varsity, the score boards reading 28 to 6 in favor of the green and gold squad. In this half the Bears had most of the play, maintaining possession of the ball almost all of the time. They kept up a smooth passing game that helped to work them into scoring position, which they used to good advantage. The Redskins were not as effective in the sharpshooting as on former occasions, nor was their defensive game as good as Varsity's. "Jawn" Shipley was the high scorer in this frame, netting 12 points while Lees connected for 10. Lees proved to be a free throw artist, only missing out on one of his attempts.

Relief Fails

In the second half Coach McIntyre sent in some of the relief men, who seemed to wilt under the pressure turned on by the "Y" boys. In the space of a few minutes the overtown lads had run in eight points to Varsity's one. With the return of some of the regulars to the floor, the game steadied down, so that Varsity held their own for the remainder of the game, though they were outscored 24 to 15 in this spasm. The Varsity team is coming along fast, but they will have to improve a lot before they make their trip south on the 22nd of the month.

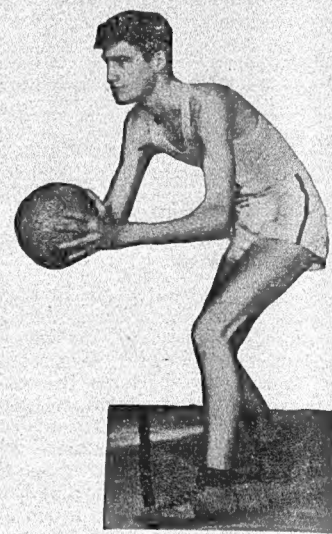
A return game with the Redskins will be played on Friday of this week.

The lineups:

Redskins—Richard (6), Hitler, Bogolatski (8), Clouston (4), Mitchell (4), Cunningham, Burton (6), Winkelaar (2), Richards.

Varsity—McIntyre (1), Shipley (19), Lees (13), Malcolm, Richard, Hutton, Imrie (8), Wozbow, Kiewell (2), Anderson.

HIGH SCORER



JOHN SHIPLEY

Who counted for almost half of Varsity's points last night, should be a big help to the Varsity squad when they go south.

Men Students Have Whole Night Sleep in Sorority House

(From Minnesota Daily)

Some time early Saturday morning, about 3 a.m., five bleary-eyed Minnesota students pulled into fraternity row in Madison all set for the Wisconsin game.

They were looking for Alpha Delta Phi fraternity house. Finally they walked up to one building that in the dim hours of the morning looked like the right place. Finding everybody asleep, they settled down in the sofa and easy chairs for the remainder of the night.

Along about 6:30 a.m. they were rudely awakened and pushed toward the door by an elderly woman in dressing gown. One of them mumbled a protest. A minute later the door slammed in their faces. Above the door were the initials of the Alpha Chi Omega sorority house.

LOOK IT!

Free ticket to the Undergrad! Yes, sir. So says McCormick. No fooling. Ed says, says he, that the lucky ticket holder at the next house dance gets a free admission to the Undergrad for himself and lady. Just think you can see Doc "Brummy" Aiello as the heroine in the grand skit. We'll be seeing you.

LOST

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Sport Calendar

TUESDAY, Jan. 15—Interfaculty basketball: Meds vs. Arts, 8:30; Ags vs. Pharm-Com-Law, 9:45.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 16—Interfaculty hockey: Science vs. Meds, 5:30; Pharm-Dents vs. Ag-Com-Law, 6:30.

THURSDAY, Jan. 17—Interfaculty basketball: Arts vs. Ags, 8:30; Meds vs. Science, 9:45. Interfaculty hockey, "B" League: Med-Dents vs. Ag-Pharm-Com-Law, 5:30.

FRIDAY, Jan. 18—Basketball: Redskins at Varsity. Men's hockey: Varsity at Superiors. Women's hockey: Varsity at Muttarts. Interfaculty hockey: Pharm-Dents vs. Science, 5:30; Arts vs. Ag-Com-Law, 6:30.